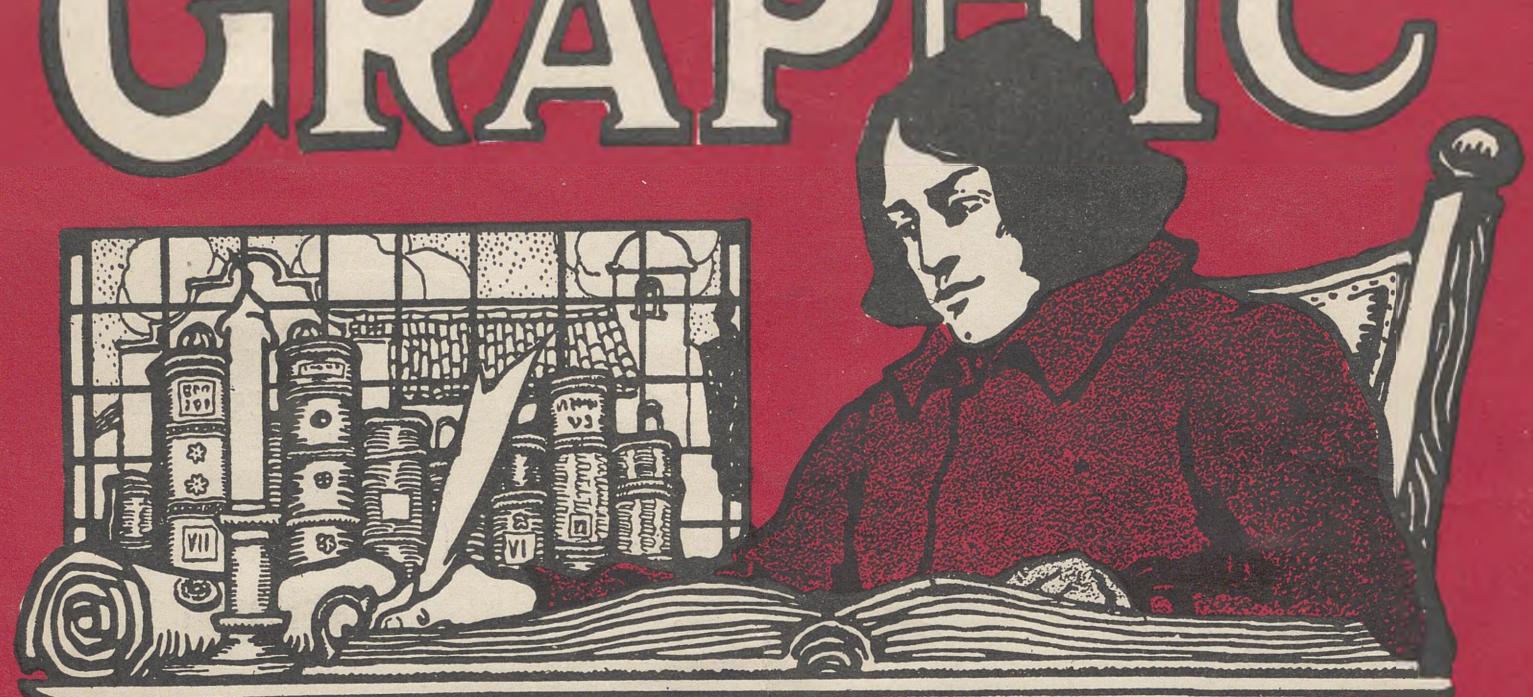


The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year—April 25, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

TRANSIENT

By MADGE CLOVER

To-day is your day, heart of mine,
Only to-day.
However filled with joy the hours,
They may not stay;
Make haste to speak the word unspoken,
To seal the vow lest it be broken:
To-day is your day, heart of mine,
Only to-day.

To-day is your day, grief of mine,
Only to-day.
The heart, though hurt, can't weep alway;
The joy that shaped my soul in beauty
Must labor on, it is joy's duty:
To-day is your day, grief of mine,
Only to-day.

Song rights reserved.]

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

RALPH-FULLERTON-MOCINE.

Vote "NO" on Power Bonds and Reduce Taxes

You are now paying for interest and sinking fund on all outstanding bonds \$ 9,534.26 per business day

If power bonds are voted, this will be increased to 11,035.91 per business day

An income of \$1,000,000 per year from the sale of power (instead of power bonds) would reduce this to . . . 6,894.00 per business day

(Allowance has been made for the cost of finishing power plants and operating expense of same).

THEREFORE:

The voting of power bonds will increase taxes \$ 1,501.65 per business day

Acceptance of companies' offer will reduce taxes 2,640.26 per business day

SAVING by VOTING "NO" on Power Bonds \$4,141.91 per business day

THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XL--No. 22

Los Angeles, April 25, 1914

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TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



EPOCHAL DAY ON THIS CONTINENT

MONTHS of tension between the United States and Mexico have terminated as every student of the situation felt was inevitable—in a resort to armed intervention. We may disclaim hostile intentions and declare our main purpose is to insure peace between the warring factions and relief for an oppressed country, but before that can be accomplished bloodshed must supervene. In truth, the occupation of Vera Cruz already has cost many lives and the march to Mexico, which is a logical sequence of Tuesday's initial action by Admiral Fletcher, is fraught with grave consequences.

But there was, apparently, no alternative. It was preposterous to suppose that the President could allow the studied insults to the American nation, inflicted by Huerta's officers with malice prepense, to be lightly borne. When Huerta reached the deadline he was notified that he must recede or take the consequences. The dictator countered with a cross-proposition. It was promptly rejected and an ultimatum returned. Conceiving that trouble with the United States might possibly enable him to avoid the difficulties menacing him from within the usurper accepted the chance and defied the United States to proceed. Mr. Wilson did not hesitate. His "single-track mind" knows no turning back and with express speed he placed before congress what seethed in his brain. With commendable promptness the house indorsed his position. In the senate politics played its part for a day, but the swiftness of events at Vera Cruz produced a revulsion and after an all-night session Tuesday the resolution justifying the President in the employment of armed forces to enforce his demands was adopted by a vote of 72 to 13. Among the partisan opponents of the President was Senator Works of California, whose carping criticism of the executive's course betrays his narrowness of mental vision.

That the complete possession of Vera Cruz, now confirmed, will be followed by a like investment of Tampico, Mazatlan, Acapulco, and all lesser ports of entry on both coasts of Mexico, is a natural sequence. That accomplished, the next logical procedure is the American occupation of Mexico City, the forcible retirement of Huerta and in due season the holding of a general election to choose a president whose peaceful administration will be assured by the presence of United States troops ashore and our warships in the harbors. In this manner alone can tranquility be restored to the perturbed republic and the country recover, in process of time, from its several years of internal dissensions.

This is the true mission of the United States and it was foreshadowed by the President's message to congress in which our altruistic motives were clearly

set forth. Not this country alone, but the entire civilized world will hail this step with acclaim, for it means the clarification of a situation that had become intolerable. Even the Mexicans, we believe, will take this view as soon as they are convinced of the honorable intentions of our government and that self-aggrandizement in no remote degree enters into our calculations. We hope there will be no faltering in the course so well begun. Let it be pursued to a logical end and the harassed republic learn to respect and even love her northern neighbor for its undeviating stand for the right.

In so doing we shall not only win for our people a great heritage in years to come in the good will of a rehabilitated nation, but every Latin-American country now watching with straining eyes the movements of the United States, will be reassured as to the true meaning of the Monroe doctrine and give us their confidence, their respect, their commercial good will. April 20, 1914, marks an epochal day in the history of the United States so far as it concerns the Latin-American races on this continent.

WHIFFEN'S ILLOGICAL ARGUMENT

SPAKING at a mass meeting, called to consider the power bonds, President Whiffen of the Los Angeles city council made a statement Wednesday night at the Hoover street school house that challenges one's intelligence. He told his hearers that the Pasadena lighting rate had been reduced from 15 cents to 5 cents and that a competing corporation was still on the job trying to crush the city plant. What nonsense! Los Angeles, without a municipal plant, is enjoying a 5½ cent rate with the average price 3.8 per kilowatt hour as against 4.4 in Pasadena. Besides, in Pasadena, the interest on the municipal plant is paid by general taxation so that Los Angeles consumers are better off without the municipal plant than Pasadena is with one.

We have always contended that the rate fixing power vested in the city authorities by the charter renders a municipal lighting plant superfluous and the steady reduction in price noted in Los Angeles for the last eight years fully corroborates our assertions. With the growth of population the pro rata cost of production has diminished, which the companies serving the public have not attempted to deny, and the rate established by the public utilities commission has been accepted as final. Yet Councilman Whiffen offers as an argument the Pasadena situation at a time when the Los Angeles authorities have graphically demonstrated their ability to name a rate that is within half a cent of the maximum price in Pasadena and whose average is lower by six-tenths of a cent than the Crown City rate. This is accomplished without a dollar of municipal investment, without any attempt at economic waste, due to duplication of plants, leaving the taxpayers free to spend in other directions the public moneys deemed necessary for civic improvements.

If Los Angeles were to vote the power bonds it would be only a beginning as Pasadena found out to her dismay following her initial bonding. Of the \$6,500,000 demanded \$5,250,000 is to go into new installation which will supply only about 45 per cent of the city's consumers. The other 55 per cent will be taxed to meet the unnecessary expense, unnecessary, because the best lighting rate the authorities quote is 5 cents, and if the precedent of the last eight years is followed the public utility board will name that rate a year from now with or without the bond issue. The alternative is a ready income from the sale of the aqueduct power at a wholesale price to be named by the state railroad commission, the retail price to be charged by the companies resting with

the city authorities. At the end of five years the city can arrange to take over the private equipment at a price to be left to the state railroad commission in case the contract is deemed unsatisfactory. The taxpayers, clearly, have everything to gain and nothing to lose by waiting, since no rights are ceded in the interim. Whiffen's citation of the success of the water system as good reason why the power bonds should be voted is puerile. There is no competition in water; it is a natural monopoly and always should be controlled by the municipality.

REPLY TO SECRETARY WIGGINS

SECRETARY Frank Wiggins of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce in a personal letter to us defends the action of the board of directors of that civic body, in urging the California congressional delegation to defeat repeal of free tolls, by stating that in a referendum vote the members overwhelmingly declared for retention of the exemption clause. We assume that the plebiscite was taken before the debates in congress were well digested by the public and the vote was of the usual "yes" and "no" postal card order. Having a high regard for the chamber of commerce and its directors we are thus explicit because we would give them every opportunity to offer a fair excuse for their amazing attitude.

We challenge any member of the chamber of commerce to point out, explicitly, wherein the proposed subsidy to the coastwise shipping monopoly, at the expense of our national honor, will benefit the merchants or the consumers whose welfare the Los Angeles civic body is supposed to conserve. It is, of course, a fanciful theory that by granting free tolls to the coastwise vessels they will, in turn, transfer such to the people in lower freight rates. What faith, what profound faith to place in transportation lines banded in close agreement to impose all that the traffic will bear. In any event, they would not restore *more* than the remitted tolls. How much safer to let the United States treasury collect at the source and thus insure the payment in full. Another argument, equally untenable, is that the railroads will have to meet the lower rates which the remission of tolls will establish. Considering that 94 per cent of the shipping is owned or controlled by railroad interests the fallacy of such a contention is patent. The coastwise vessels will carry all the heavy or slow freight because they will bid for it at a price just enough under the railroad tariffs to control the business. With \$4.00 a ton saved in transfer costs at the isthmus the ships can well afford to pay the \$1.20 canal tolls and still have a wide leverage over the railroads. Besides, the latter are now complaining of excessively low tariffs and have appealed to the interstate commerce commission for a 5 per cent increase in rates.

Another absurdity promulgated by the advocates of free tolls is that the subsidy so accorded will foster the growth of our American marine. Piffle! Our ships that are engaged in the foreign trade are compelled to pay tolls; if the exemption included them there would be reasonable logic in extending help to overcome the handicaps imposed by our antiquated navigation laws, which burden them in their return cargoes. But the subsidy is for ships that have no foreign competition; they have the coast trade to themselves and reap handsome profits on the money invested. It is proposed to increase their stock dividends by presenting them with a million dollars or so a year, in perpetuity, which money, deflected from the United States treasury for the upkeep of the canal, must be restored by mulcting the whole people that much more. What ingratitude after the nation has generously spent \$375,000,000 to build the

canal! Our representatives in congress will have to do tall figuring at a later date when they are confronted with the voting evidences of their perfidy. They would give away millions of dollars belonging to the majority of their constituents in order to increase the profits of a very small proportion of such. By what right? And ever and beyond this economic outrage is the assault on the nation's honor, the attempt to disregard our plighted word as expressed in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which definitively forbids any discrimination in terms of passage. The chamber of commerce is in sorry business advocating national dishonor and the subsidization of a monopoly.

OBJECT LESSONS TO PONDER

POLONIUS' caution to his son to beware of entrance to a quarrel well might be paraphrased to apply to municipalities so that they might shun dubious undertakings leading into overwhelming debt. It is too early to descant upon the bruited municipal railway between Pasadena and Los Angeles, for the proposed enterprise is in too embryotic a form to permit of analyzation or dissection, but it means, first and last, an expenditure of about \$5,000,000 with no certainty of meeting fixed charges, since it will be only a competitor for passenger traffic with the established road, having many feeders. The board of trade is amply justified in seeking to get all the light it can on the subject and if satisfactory assurances can be gained from the interurban electric road of better transportation facilities we should ponder long before committing this community, already heavily taxed, to an uncertain enterprise calling for excessive bonded indebtedness.

Our people have only to look at the other end of the Short Line for a graphic object lesson in municipal folly. The aqueduct was built, primarily, to foster a real estate deal in the San Fernando valley, in which many of the newspaper owners of Los Angeles were financially interested. If the Owens river bonds were voted they stood to make large fortunes on a small investment; the chief promoter, Fred Eaton, is now asking a million dollars for a reservoir site he retained at the upper end of the valley. Others interested in the project have reaped big returns in fat salaries; they merely accepted the good fortune provided by the gods and did the work allotted to them conscientiously and well.

But the cost! Already, \$34,500,000 has been spent on the undertaking. Now, \$6,500,000 more is demanded, which sum, with \$2,000,000 total annual interest to July 1, 1915, when the money, if voted, will have been spent, marks an outlay of \$43,000,000. At least \$7,000,000 more must be forthcoming to complete the power installations contemplated, bringing the total to \$50,000,000. As for the water, that is another story. It has not been missed and may never be. In any event the urgency need depicted seven years ago, when the population was smaller by half than now, has not been made apparent. We have good reason to believe that the aqueduct system, to be successful, must remove its intake to a point sixty miles farther north, necessitating the extension of the covered conduit at a heavy cost and the acquisition of all the prior rights in the side streams of the Sierras, involving, all told, not less than fifteen or twenty million dollars additional outlay.

This is not the raucous statement of a fear-imelled power company, but is based on actual facts. Already, our prediction as to the cost of completing the system to a point where it would be an income-producer is almost verified. Instead of being self-supporting at a cost of \$23,000,000 it will not yield returns when twice that sum has been expended. The Tribune and Express, owned by Mr. E. T. Earl, whose investment of \$15,000 in the Porter ranch is valued by him at \$500,000—the result of his judicious fostering of the bonds at the expense of the people—are now declining to give the power companies access to their columns, explaining their offer to the city of a million dollars revenue for aqueduct power, to be retailed to consumers at a price fixed by the city council. Instead, the owner of these two private organs is urging, as before, still further indebtedness

on the city, with a promise of income, worth no more than the pledge he made when the city was \$20,000,000 less in debt. We ask our people to ponder this situation before rushing headlong into an undertaking that may prove another sad chapter of economic waste.

BRYAN NOT A QUITTER

WHATEVER Secretary Bryan may do when the affair with Mexico shall have been adjusted the statement is made on high authority that he will not resign his portfolio at this time. The rumor that he was to retire from the cabinet is to be traced to no friction of any sort between the premier and the executive, but is undoubtedly based on the reported offer of Andrew Carnegie to Mr. Bryan that he accept the position of director-general of the Carnegie Peace Foundation at a salary of \$25,000 a year.

If the tender has been made it is not strange that Washington circles have concluded that the secretary of state would be justified in quitting his present office for so congenial a position. To one holding the ultra peace views credited to Mr. Bryan the developments of the last forty-eight hours are well calculated to jar his equanimity and cause him to welcome the opportunity extended by the laird of Skibo to retire from the center of war's alarms in this country. We are not so unkind as to intimate, as the Chicago Inter Ocean does, that the monetary consideration is the chief incentive in arriving at a decision to relinquish his post. Despite his thrifty nature Mr. Bryan is not sordid and although \$25,000 a year for ten years, with a pension on half-pay for the remainder of his life, is tempting bait it would not sway him from what he conceived to be his duty.

Through no fault of Mr. Bryan the administration has had to proceed in a cavalier manner with Mexico. Now, if ever, the executive needs the support of his cabinet and in such a crisis for the premier to desert his chief would be a base procedure. We are glad to read the explicit denial that he harbors any such notion. The trouble with Mexico must be satisfactorily adjusted before he can think of relinquishing his present responsibilities. Besides, if he still entertains political aspirations to enter Mr. Carnegie's employ in any capacity would be disastrous to future preferment. The enemies of the ironmaster would use it as a lever to his disadvantage no matter how ethical the motive that prompted him to engage in the service.

VAGARIES OF A MOUNTEBANK

OF GREAT comfort to President Wilson in the present crisis with Mexico must be the thought that his course is indorsed by that profound patriot and monumental mountebank, William Randolph Hearst, whose private telegram to his sub-editors—which they so inconsiderately made public—contained these inspiring instructions:

In this instance our editorials should vigorously support the President's action at Tampico, which has brought a thrill of pride into the breasts of many despondent Americans. . . . Let the people's [sic] press encourage the President to take further and firmer steps in the direction of the patriotic protection of American rights and interests, and let us hope that these surer steps will lead the President back into the beaten path of Democratic policies, back into the broad highway of uncompromising American independence which the patriots of the past have trod and which leads ever onward and upward to national greatness and glory.

What fatuous egotism of the man whose shameless charges leveled against the President have so justly incensed the American public of late, when it has contemplated the insulting caricatures of the chief magistrate of the nation; the disgraceful cartoons intended to debase Secretary of State Bryan in the eyes of the nation! Now, this traducer of great men, this murderer of hard-won reputations dares to pat his superiors on the back and instruct his underlings to give them "support." Support? Their surest patent of nobility lies in earning the ill-will of the man who thus presumes to patronize them. Having asserted, for many weeks, with almost no interruption, that President Wilson is a craven American and in secret alliance against his countrymen with

Great Britain, because the exigencies of the Mexican situation impel the executive to take drastic steps to discipline Huerta, the detractor of our President, for selfish reasons, temporarily desists his attacks to commend the administration's action at Tampico.

How grateful must be the recipient of such editorial buncombe! How characteristic of the charlatan the manner in which the rodomontade was conveyed! Purporting to be "private" instructions to his subordinates, which his hired men promptly made public in black faced type, on what corresponds to an editorial page elsewhere! Of course, in this, they also followed instructions, for not a line would ever have appeared in print unless with the full consent of the posture-master they serve. What a pity, what a serious menace to the republic that so mendacious a humbug should have daily opportunity of reaching the eyes of so many unthinking people and leading them astray, imbuing them with his perverted opinions. We do not object to his expressing his opinions, *per se*, so long as he confines himself to legitimate argument and honorable debate; it is when he resorts to reprehensible tricks, to contemptible assaults on his betters, as unwarranted as they are unfair, that we protest in the name of decency and honest journalism.

MEXICAN HISTORY RE-MAKING

FROM his point of view Carranza is entirely justified in inviting President Wilson to submit to him, as chief of the Constitutional government, any demands on Huerta for reparation for acts originating at Tampico. Of course, it is a mere matter of form which Carranza well knew would be ignored, but as head of what he holds is the only lawful government representative of the people of Mexico he was—still as a matter of form—bound to resent the ignoring of his authority. Of course, his invitation to the President to order the United States marines to retire from Vera Cruz was spectacular and made solely to impress his home constituency. That it has been flatly declined is only a natural sequence.

Possibly, this may mean the temporary coalition of the two warring factions in Mexico in a pact to proceed against the common enemy, but if this is to be the program so much the worse for Carranza. We have no quarrel with his cause; as a matter of fact, we are not warring on the people of Mexico, but on the usurping provisional president and it is in the territory he controls that the United States forces are now operating with a view to teaching him good manners. If Carranza elects to join with Huerta he then becomes tarred with the same stick and must suffer the consequences. As between Huerta and Villa there is, probably, no great choice save that Villa fights in the open and Huerta fights from ambush.

Having revealed himself as inimical to the course taken by President Wilson, Carranza need not be surprised to find the embargo restored on the admission of arms and ammunition into rebel territory. To supply the Constitutionalists with war equipment that may at any time he turned against our soldiers is not to be considered and no American worthy the name will participate in smuggling contraband munitions across the border once war is declared by Huerta. What was regarded as taking a "business gamble" before the embargo was raised would now be interpreted as rank treason. With the rebels arrayed against us Carranza may find a few renegades willing to take a chance, if the price is high enough, but with telegraph poles handy and rope plentiful it will prove anything but a healthy occupation.

Presentation of his passports by Secretary Bryan to Mexican Chargé d'Affaires Algara, following similar action at Mexico City toward the American Chargé d'Affaires O'Shaughnessy is preliminary to a declaration of war by Huerta. It must come from his direction since the President has reiterated with great earnestness the desire of America to respect in every possible way the sovereignty and importance of the people of Mexico. It is significant of what may be expected in the event of Carranza's joining forces with Huerta that the President has announced that

we are now dealing with "those whom he (Huerta) commands *and with those who come to his support*." That is an indication of what must follow in case the Constitutionalists coalesce with Huerta and oppose the Americans in the north. It means war with Mexico to the point of complete subjugation, with years of occupation to follow and a natural Americanization of the conquered territory in spite of presidential announcement to the contrary.

WHEN THE NATION NODS

WHEN the New York Nation begins to nod in its diction and in its spelling despair settles down like a blanket of soot upon the mind of the intelligent reader, long since inured to the gaucheries of the "penny dreadful." But to have that mould of literary fashion and exemplar of good English, the New York Nation, get groggy in its verbiage is an alarming symptom of the times that may well give one pause. Is it because the erudite Paul Elmer More has retired from the editorial chair that the surviving staff, released from his vigilance, relaxes? When, a few weeks ago, we protested against the employment of "a couple of years" in the course of editorial comment, and the reply came that custom was giving assent to the expression, we sadly reflected how the glory of Ichabod had departed and prepared to be resigned to any whimsy of our former guide, counsellor and friend.

Consequently, it is with a pensive sadness that we read in the current issue, in an article headed "Isolation not at all splendid," having reference to rules of the United States senate, this sentence: "None of these furiosos *have* the slightest idea of fighting. Their rhodomantade about facing a hostile world in war is of the hollowest kind." There was a time when the Nation would have insisted to its last drop of ink on the singular form for none: the sense of the sentence clearly indicates that not one furioso *has*, etc. Yet the esteemed Nation allows "none" to be followed by "have." O, where is that editorial supervision promised by Publisher Villard when he announced Paul More's retirement?

But that is not the extent of its verbal sinning. Note the introduction of the letter "h" in *r[h]odomantade*. Doubtless, the writer had in mind flowers of rhetoric when he alluded to the vain boasting of "these furiosos," but his spelling inevitably suggests the rhododendron, with its rose-purple flowering. Perhaps, our own readers will decry this evidence of grief on our part as savoring of hypercriticism and yet consider our years of faith in the impeccability of the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin's—the lamented "Larry"—pet product, now, alas, shattered. Ai! ai! that we should have lived to see these signs of literary decadence!

PHELAN'S RIGHT TO SUPPORT

WITH the advent of Hon. James A. Phelan in Southern California interest is aroused in his candidacy for the United States senate, as the Democratic nominee. Heretofore, in referring to his aspirations we have sought light on his attitude on the free tolls controversy and asked if he stood for repeal of the proposed subsidy. It is gratifying to learn from the manager of his campaign, Mr. John I. Irby of San Francisco, that in no mistakable terms Mr. Phelan has declared his opposition to free tolls and for support of the repeal resolution. In this regard he is squarely with the President and in direct conflict with the pronouncements of Messrs. Knowland and Shortridge, Republican contenders for the toga, and Messrs. Rowell and Heney, the Progressive aspirants.

This explicit statement should rally to his support every man and woman in California, irrespective of party affiliation, who believes in maintaining the national honor as expressed in our treaty obligations and who is opposed on principle to the granting of subsidies to special interests, and particularly to a monopoly. It is a genuine pleasure to learn of Mr. Phelan's uncompromising stand for economic sanity and the sacredness of party obligations, since it is in the United States senate that our treaties with

foreign nations are ratified. To send to that body as California's representative any one of the four other aspirants named were equivalent to saying that California has no regard for the plighted word of the nation and believes in the breaking of treaties with impunity. We have faith that there are enough men and women in the state to repudiate so monstrous a doctrine and by supporting Mr. Phelan's candidacy the untenable and reprehensible position taken by the two Republican and two Progressive contenders for the senatorship may be properly rebuked.

Mr. Phelan is a native son. He knows California thoroughly; he has served his home city as its mayor with credit to all concerned and in the civic life of the northern metropolis he has been no insignificant factor. Positions of honor, without emolument, he has filled with rare discretion and ability. In the financial and commercial world he has made favorable impress and along ethical lines he has not been found wanting. So long ago as 1900 his party in the legislature gave him a complimentary vote for the United States senate. This week he celebrated his fifty-third birthday anniversary. Well-poised and well-informed he will make strong and favorable appeal in his campaign before the people whose confidence he has earned by his advocacy of the right in national affairs.

FOR JINGOISTS TO PONDER

PRIVATE advices from South America reveal that Prince Henry, brother of Emperor William of Germany, is now visiting the capitals of the various Latin-American countries, as the official representative of the Emperor. His mission is twofold: political and commercial. He is received, wined and dined and in all ways shown a most hospitable welcome by the officials and the people generally. The significant feature of the advent of Prince Henry and his cordial reception lies in the fact that it is the great power of Protestant Germany that is making these friendly overtures to the Latin-American Catholic countries. Possibly, the silence of the American press in regard to Prince Henry's visit may be attributable to that fact.

Of what avail is the Monroe Doctrine against the encroachments prosecuted by Germany in South America through and by quiet, peaceful trade and colonizing conquest? Naturally, the South American countries would be the first to resent our presumptuous attitude and the wrath of Germany over such unwarranted interference with her commercial propaganda may be ready imagined. It is a form of New World conquest in which our hands are tied and the Monroe Doctrine is obsolete as an interdiction. Easily, we could set the continent of Europe by the ears if we attempted to restrain Germany's progress by a crude demand that she keep out of our territory. Instantly, the Latin-Americans would line up with Germany and the fat would be in the fire. Not that way can we hope to counteract the inroads of Germany or win the favor of our neighbors on the South American continent.

England could not be expected to sympathize with us in such circumstances and, of course, Japan, reaching out for South American trade, would be similarly inimical to us. Nor could we hope for sympathy from either France or Italy. Every European country, from motives of commercial aggrandizement, would be in opposition. Here is a situation for our jingoistic patriots to ponder when they bluster about being ready to face the world under arms? How long do they suppose our naval strength could withstand the maritime forces of Germany attacking us on the Atlantic side of the Panama canal were our fleet divided to cope with Japan on the Pacific? Which is mindful that patriotism is one thing and jingoism is altogether another and a wholly negligible thing. It is time for us to be imbued with true patriotism, to countervail jingoism. For if there is one thing more than another that is utterly void of common sense, it is a spirit of jingoism, which is concretely expressed in the bombastic boast: "We can whip the world!" We can do no such thing.

Nor can any other single nation. Watch Germany in South America, if the senate refuses concurrence in the tolls exemption repeal.

VILLA'S ESTIMATE OF HUERTA

THAT General Villa and his chief, General Carranza, may wholly disagree in regard to making common war with Huerta upon the United States is indicated in a recent interview with the rebel fighting general at Torreon, printed in the New York Times of last Sunday. In it Villa refers to Huerta as "cowardly, irresponsible, a traitor, murderer and a drunkard," terms which no amnesty pronouncement will be likely to wipe out. Moreover, Villa expresses himself as extremely friendly to the United States and anxious to show his regard for Americans by guaranteeing every protection in the territory he controls in case of war. Here is his language as reported:

It is impossible for me to speak with any authority except in that territory which my forces have conquered by force of arms. Should the act of a drunkard and murderer be construed as an act of war and should war result, I can assure all Americans living within the bounds of the Constitutionalist territory that they will be protected, for such a war would be a war with a civilized nation, and all the rules that were given to me by my good friend Gen. Scott will be observed by me and by the men under my command. However, it is hardly possible that the act of an irresponsible man such as Huerta is can be construed as an act of war on the part of a nation, a large part of which is struggling to overthrow the misrule of this very individual. Should war follow in the efforts of the United States to make this man apologize for an insult offered to the American flag, I will personally guarantee the lives and property of all American and foreign noncombatants in the territory which my troops control.

Villa appeared loth to believe that Huerta would be able to trick the United States into taking extreme measures. He referred to the Torreon incident as a subterfuge to save his face after realizing that he and his army were lost, adding, "It is such a mere pretext to try to bring about intervention in the hope of uniting the various forces that the President at Washington will not be fooled by such a selfish motive. Further than that I cannot go, for I can only express my personal feelings and ideas, as I have had no chance to confer with General Carranza regarding any of the diplomatic questions. Besides, I am a soldier and not a statesman, and I leave all such problems to those who know better than I. I am a fighter in the ranks, and am speaking from the viewpoint of the soldier."

It is possible that Carranza is bluffing without the cards. If Villa is of the same mind as when he gave the interview at Torreon under date of April 18, he will never consent to a union with the usurper whom he designates as "murderer, drunkard, coward, and traitor."

GRAPHITES

With signs of perturbation has Huerta heard the news, Of gringo occupation of the port of Vera Cruz; Meanwhile, the Carranzistas relentlessly attack The remnant of his army that will not come back.

German and British commanders at Vera Cruz have vied with one another to show courtesies to American refugees from Mexico. Advocates of free tolls will discover that it pays to be nationally honest; to keep our plighted word as embodied in our treaties.

Carranza may wish he had not been so precipitate. With the embargo on arms restored and Villa, apparently, poles apart on the subject of coalition with Huerta the chief of the Constitutionalist government appears to have slipped a cog.

Caruso, the tenor singer, has been sued again for breach of promise. How he finds time to fill his other professional engagements is a mystery.

Goodbye, Señor Algara, take care of yourself. Adios, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, may you live a thousand years!

Keep your ear to the ground for that call for 250,000 volunteer soldiers to go to the front. It is on the way.

Our marines will get Victoriano Huerta if he doesn't watch out.

NEW ZEALAND'S ONE-SIDED GOVERNMENT
By James A. Keeney

I was recently asked what New Zealand interested me in most. Having in mind the scenic wonders of the Wanganui, the fjords of the southwest coast, the snow capped volcanoes, and the far-famed thermal district, I promptly replied, "the government."

New Zealand is in every sense a new country. Had the islands only recently been cast up from the sea, peopled by their present inhabitants, with a civilization strangely commingling the seventeenth century and a period far in advance of the present time, we might have expected them to have already formulated a government and passed just such laws as they are living under at the present time. The native Maoris held the islands for centuries against all invasions. The New Zealand government is in a sense emulating the Maoris.

Self-contained, uninfluenced by precedent and unmindful of the traditions of the outside world, this government might be likened to a great centralized monopoly, extending its branches in every direction. It has reserved to itself the exclusive right to operate all public utilities, as well as many of the more important industries, thus closing its doors to capital which is so much needed in the development of the new country. Capital will hesitate to enter a field of operation where the strongest competitor is the government itself. Nor is the artisan, mechanic or laborer of other lands welcomed or offered any assurance of employment unless he be acceptable to the various labor unions.

I have no desire to criticize the labor unions. They, undoubtedly, have their field of usefulness and have done a great deal of good in the uplifting of labor, but where they are so interwoven with the functions of the government itself and where the laws of the land and the rules of the labor union are cast in the same mould, it is interesting to see what the product will be. They have adopted so many innovations that political economists are watching the outcome with the greatest interest, and the world generally wishes to know of the progress of this colony.

The question naturally arises, Is it a success? Is this great organization paying adequate dividends to its shareholders? Are the shareholders prospering and making the most of their opportunities? Is it resulting in a fair distribution of the wealth of the land? Are the islands developing and the population increasing at a reasonable rate?

It is difficult to find a standard from which the prosperity of any country may be measured, especially in New Zealand, isolated as it is by many thousand miles of sea from the great centers of population, so we can only judge by comparisons with other new countries of the temperate zone, such as the United States, Canada, Argentina, etc. I except Australia from this comparison for the reason that it has sunken further into the mire of "labor union government" than even New Zealand itself.

I use the term labor union government as being the least objectionable to the people of New Zealand as they generally resent any hint of socialism, claiming it to be merely highly representative. I will not quarrel over this contention but wish to enumerate a few of the functions of the government:

It owns and operates all of the railways of New Zealand, also the telegraph and telephone service, all tramways, gas and electricity, fire and life insurance, thermal baths, as well as a bureau for the sale and purchase of the Maori lands. In a sense, it acts as a real estate agent for prospective purchasers of these lands, acquiring them from the Maoris and selling them to the settlers on easy terms. It also acts as trustee, guardian and administrator. It has a loan bureau and will advance money to settlers, for the erection of buildings and stocking of ranches and stations. It is now developing and operating the petroleum fields as well as the fisheries, and with the exception of ranching, there seems little left for one to do but become an employee of the government.

Probably, no country in the world has so great a proportion of the population directly employed by the government as New Zealand. It has adopted most stringent laws for the regulation of all branches of labor and has a pension fund for old age as well as an employer's liability act, and many laws which have recently been passed by the California legislature as safeguards against political corruption, such as the initiative, referendum, recall, etc., which have for years been in operation.

Every country in the civilized world has in operation certain of these model laws. No other country has adopted them all. Other countries have assumed control of many public utilities and in most instances successfully. Then, wherein lies the question of success of the governmental structure of New Zealand?

Many conservative-thinking residents of that country will tell you that it is creating a people too dependent upon the government and that there is not

the scope for individual effort, nor the goal of great success as in other lands. This may be largely true, but I am inclined to think that the answer lies not so much in their form of government as in the fact that the labor union is ever paramount to the government itself.

Every branch of labor, whether private or governmental, has been thoroughly "organized." Every official act either legislative or administrative is carefully scrutinized by the union. Every officer, from a tram-car driver to a member of parliament, is subject to the court of last resort, the labor union. If a man accepts a position under the government he does so backed by his union. His boss over him as well as those working under him are all there under the same conditions, resting secure that so long as he is *persona grata* with the walking delegate his position is assured. As a result, the maximum amount of labor at top wages is required to do the work of the various departments.

Lack of enterprise in this new and naturally resourceful country is depressing. Railways have only been constructed through the most thickly settled and most cultivated portions of the islands and they are run and managed in a manner peculiar to themselves. Consult the time table of the New Zealand railways and you will find a most limited schedule. No trains run on Sundays and with one or two notable exceptions no trains run at night or depart from any station before nine a. m. The reason given for this is the prescribed hours the train crews may work. Yet when they do come on duty they show a marked inefficiency and lack of interest. The coaches are generally dirty and I have seen the garbage can left in the corridor of the dining car throughout the entire luncheon hour, because there was no official present whose particular duty it was to remove it.

I mention the railways only as one branch of the government to illustrate the general tendency of the employees to shirk responsibility and work—made possible by the fact that there is no responsible head who is really superior to the dictates of the union. One notable evidence of the general lack of prosperity in the cities is the absolute dearth of new buildings. In the city of Wellington there is not so much as one modern pretentious residence. In the business district a new opera house is being erected which is the record for a decade. While the hotels are "grand" and "new" in name, their date signs refer you to the early seventies.

Where every law has been made for the working man and where his interests have been so carefully protected by legislation, one would expect to see in him the greatest evidence of prosperity; but such is not the case. There is a squalor in the working-men's homes such as I have not seen in other new countries and they are lacking in the ordinary comforts, to say nothing of the little luxuries elsewhere to be found.

I can only see one underlying cause for these conditions, viz., a perverted government. I hope I have not been unduly severe in my criticisms of the political and social conditions of New Zealand. The islands are destined to become the most productive in the world, as they are in the temperate zone and almost unlimited in natural resources, but they can enjoy no real prosperity until they have a government for the whole people alike and not for the favored unionist.

TULLY TRIFLES WITH "OLD OMAR"

OMAR the Tentmaker," by Richard Walton Tully, now playing at the Lyric Theater, based, according to the program, on the "Life, Times and Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," is a nondescript affair, which is not to say that it is uninteresting. Indeed, it is curiously interesting in spite of many crudities. Though the Rubaiyat is best known in the familiar Fitzgerald version Mr. Tully has made free use of the longer version in prose by Justin Huntley McCarthy and that in verse by E. H. Whinfield. Mr. Tully with the help of Wilfred Buckland, one time stage manager for Belasco, has produced the play himself, and has provided a gorgeous spectacle. The effect of the whole would have been immeasurably improved if the pruning knife had been used both to cut down the lines and to keep imagination within bounds. The prologue shows the outer court of the home of Imam Mowaffak, teacher of the holy word. Omar is young and headstrong, a poet and a scoffer. He has already looked upon the wine when it is red and he is first seen pledging his ring to pay for a jug of wine, and making love to Shireen, the beautiful daughter of his teacher, in a scene that almost out-Romeos Romeo as he mounts a swaying vine to the very window of his love and gives her impassioned kisses through its lattice until she comes to him in the garden and finally follows him out of it before she goes to the Shah of Shahs to be hidden away from her childhood's friend and passionate lover forever.

The play that follows begins eighteen years later.

The scene is laid in the streets of Naishapur. The outside of the tavern, the front and balcony of a potter's home and the interior of Omar's house are shown. Then comes melodrama with treachery and sacrifice, and all the paraphernalia of the old-fashioned sort that is only saved from the commonplace of long familiarity by unusual settings and the good acting of Guy Bates Post. All the old time things are there, poisoned foods, prison cells, chains, keys, torture and the child. In the days when Omar learned from Imam he and his two fellow students, Nizam and Hasan, pledged eternal friendship in a jug of wine, promising to share and share alike in the future. Nizam has since become grand vizier, and Hasan has become governor of Naishapur and secret leader of a band of assassins, while Omar, called the tentmaker, is still poet, scoffer and lover of wine. He lives with his adopted daughter, supposedly the child of the Shah and Shireen, his early love, and his foster brother Mahruss, one time slave of Shireen. The assassins have their headquarters in the potter's house just opposite the house of Omar. A Christian kept prisoner there for a long time escapes with the knowledge of the evil Banon, a woman supposed to be a leader of the assassins. Wounded, he seeks refuge in the house of Omar. The little Shireen sees and loves him. She binds up his wound with her veil, and pleads with Omar and Mahruss to shield him.

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Omar, outraging the holy men with his taunts, is set upon and haled to prison. The little Shireen falling into the hands of the evil Banon is kept from the worse hands of the governor. Omar has learned from the Christian that the governor is in reality the leader of the assassins. Hasan, therefore, wishes to get rid of him. In the prison he brings poisoned food, but Omar is warned by the faithful Banon not to touch it. She reveals herself as Shireen, the love of his youth, made an outcast because of her early sin. Little Shireen is really his own daughter. The child loves the Christian and wishes to help him escape. Omar says he will get the key that they may liberate the Christian. He first pretends to have a head from the debauch of the night before and so gets the jailers to eat the poisoned food. They die. He secures the key and tosses it to the waiting women just as the grand vizier enters to hold his mock court. Four Jews with clanking chains are condemned without a hearing. And Omar for his blasphemy is handed over to the bastinados. While he is undergoing this punishment the women liberate the Christian. Omar's spirit presumably leaves his body, and is seen floating like a sepulchral Peter Pan now afloat in space, now resting upon the rings of Saturn, now looking at the glories of heaven, now upon the horrors of hell. As he speaks the exquisite lines from the Rubaiyat the effect would have been much better if the visions had been left to the imagination instead of being shown with a crudity that is mirth provoking.

* * *

Christian, little Shireen, and the faithful Mahruss have fled. But leaving the lovers to reach safety on the fast mare Mahruss allows himself to be captured. Wounded, he comes to Omar in prison and dies. Almost at once comes the vizier to Omar. To the friend of his youth he redeems the promise made long ago. The faithless governor is given his just deserts and Omar, elevated to his place, attains happiness in the garden with his Shireen. It is a lurid mixture. If a little more time had been expended on smoothing it out and if the exquisite lines of the Rubaiyat had not been mixed in with commonplace theatrical colloquialisms that offended good taste as every moment the thing would be worth while, for the stage pictures are most beautiful. After the prologue in which he was too self-consciously graceful Mr. Post played well and succeeded in creating a real character in spite of the surrounding artificiality.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, April 20, 1914.

While Tia Juana keeps at bay the troops of Uncle Sam,
What matters it that Vera Cruz is caught between the
jamb?

Tampico may capitulate and Mazatlan succumb,
If Tia Juana holds the fort all criticism's dumb.

Here is Representative Humphreys' chance to "get to the front" for which he has several times expressed a longing. We suggest that California spare that other wordy patriot, Joseph R. Knowland of the Sixth district.

Because a fellow patient in an asylum for the insane at Fort Steilacoom, Washington, snored, his incensed room mate beat the offender to death. This evidence of sanity may prove embarrassing in the event of a trial.

Calixico is safe, according to trustworthy reports, but Mexicali maintains its threatening attitude, with every saloon occupied.

WHEN WILLIE GOES TO WAR

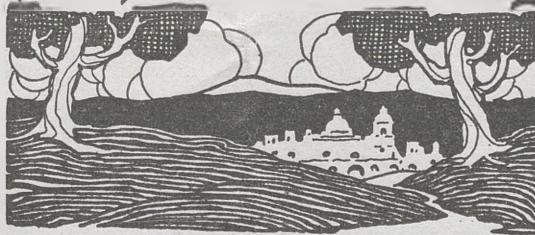
When Mars forsakes the peace he loathes
And buckles on his business clothes,
And War's inexorable hounds
Are baying on the leash, by bounds!
Whose are the loud, imperious tones
That search the bristling war-god's bones?
Whose breathings borne upon the wind
Excite his canines from behind?
And when Bellona's heady squeals
Are costing ministers their meals,
When blood is up and stocks are down
And newsboys yell and bankers frown
And many an ardent bosom glows
Down where the aqua fortis flows,
Who is that splendid soul, I ask,
Who flouts the pacifier's task,
Who pulls the hair of kings and queens,
And spills the diplomatic beans?
Whose democratic hand uncorks
The eagle bird's responsive squawks
And petrifies the cringing spines
Of emperors babbling o'er their wines?
O well, you know the man, I guess:
He operates a yellow press,
And every morn the welkin (blue)
Reechoes to his loud yahoo,
And every night the purple page
Rings with his philopatric rage.
No flights of fancy unconfined
Drip from that master pen unsigned;
No trailing clouds of glory burst
Unclaimed near William Randolph Hearst!
But now he has his heart's desire,
His cannons spout conspunct fire,
His dreadnoughts cleave the startled foam:
Willie, however, stays at home
And spouts conspunct fire himself
Peddling fictitious news for pelf.
Would Roaring Randolph, do you think,
Dye with his blood those wells of ink,
Or make an inroad on his wad
For honor, country or for God?
Not so! Though Willie's private fad
Is getting Uncle Sam in bad
With foreign nations—chiefly those
That smile at Willie's warlike throes
Or (worse) remain at unaware
While Willie paws the pregnant air—
Though he would rather have us pull
The whiskers of Johannes Bull,
Or bounce the Fatherland or can
The frugal natives of Japan,
He knows that Uncle must foot the bill
And not his own distended till.
War has no attributes infernal
For one who owns a yellow journal.

Then let the whistling shrapnel hum
Round Huerta's shrinking tympanum.
Collar his cash-box and cigars
And stop his credit at the bars,
We'll teach him to exhibit manners
To other people's private banners!
See where the haughty moso lies
Uninconvenienced by flies,
Warbling his light, attractive airs
Under the alligator pears.
He has no job; he has no pants
To stand between him and the ants,
But O, he views with torrid scorn
The Gringo's base, assertive spawn,
And wakes up several times a day
Simply to cuss the U. S. A.
And once a week or so he goes
And hangs a Gringo by the toes.
Then let the grim howitzer speak
And paste the bounder on the beak;
On high Chapultepec unfurl
The Grand Old Rag, and while you hurl
The grim usurper from his seat
Men will unfurl on every street
The grand young rags that bring the grist
To Willie's patriotic fist! ALGOL.

(Cyril H. Bretherton).

We desire to offer our compliments to Editor Peterson of the Santa Barbara News who will, with the trifling aid of a local capitalist, recruit and equip a regiment of California rangers to be at the service of the President in case of war. Meanwhile, the double-headed pica of our esteemed contemporary continues to serve hot shot to all enemies of the administration. We trust that Postmaster Storke will not resign his office to join the rangers.

By the Way



When Col. Hatfield Was Younger

When Col. A. P. Hatfield, in command of the Second cavalry, at Fort Bliss, was a youngster, fresh from West Point, we campaigned together in the Ute country, at the time of the Persuine-Johnson outbreak on the White River. Hatfield was then a second lieutenant in the Fourth cavalry, under Col. McKenzie and I was doing my first work in the field as a war correspondent for a Chicago paper. Poor Hatfield was in love with the daughter of a rancher in the San Luis valley, below Pueblo, and bade her a fond adieu to join his regiment in the Uncompahgre country. Saints in heaven! and that was more than thirty years ago! I have often wondered if he ever returned to claim the belle of the valley, but not since I bade him good bye those years ago, in front of old Chief Ouray's shack, after a dainty dinner of puppy-dog stew, have I set eyes on the dashing young lieutenant, now a colonel at Fort Bliss.

Allen's Unlucky Grain Deals

There died in Los Angeles last week at the age of eighty-five one of Iowa's former millionaires, B. F. Allen, once resident of Des Moines. I can remember back in the early 80's when the wealthy Iowan ran a corner in corn on the Chicago board of trade—I was then publishing a weekly paper on the board—which cost him a pile of money when the corner collapsed. It was soon after that Allen moved to Southern California, his fortune largely depleted by his unfortunate speculations in grain. He was a nervy operator—Jack Sturges was his chief broker, I recall—but never a successful one.

Otheman Stevens to the Front

There are many newspaper men who would give anything for the appointment of war correspondent, but one of those who was so honored would give anything to be back in Los Angeles. I am violating no confidence in saying that Otheman Stevens had no desire to go to El Paso to represent the Los Angeles Examiner, as associate of Ed Hamilton on the frontier. He had his fill of thrills in Mexico when he was sent down by William Randolph Hearst to write an article for the Cosmopolitan magazine in reply to the American Magazine's "Barbarous Mexico." The classic which was created on that occasion is worth repeating here. It was a time when there seemed every prospect of American intervention to prevent bloodshed between the Maderistas and the federal government, then headed by President Diaz, and there were the same fears as now of massacres of Americans in the event of such an action. In one of his dispatches from Mexico City Stevens remarked: "It is to be hoped that if the American government does decide to intervene, we will be given adequate warning." The personal note seemed so strong that, notwithstanding the fact that the situation was extremely serious, the wording of the message caused a broad smile around the Examiner office. Stevens is a man of peace, and makes no pretensions toward love for armed strife.

Unexpected and Unsought

It would seem that only the disappointed candidates themselves will find fault with the appointment as postmaster of Los Angeles of Harrington Brown. Just who suggested Brown, no person appears to know, least of all Brown himself, who, while he was at Princeton coincident with President Wilson, is unique in not claiming personal intimacy further than to say he remembers the President as the "homeliest man in college." The choice, however, is a happy one, and while many would have been pleased to see Postmaster Harrison retained, Brown's general fitness for the position is recognized by all who have any knowledge of his abilities. But what a gnashing of teeth there must be among the job-hunters who wore out much shoe-leather in the corridors at Washington, to see a man who sat comfortably in his arm chair at the University Club and did not even ask for the place, land the much sought plum! The moral is that the administration understands perfectly that it was not the politicians who won the 1912 election, but the people as a whole, and, consequently, those who have the appointing power are not worrying to any great extent if they happen

to antagonize a few busybodies whose private affairs are so unimportant that they can go chasing around the country after government jobs.

Pretty Story Is Spoiled

In the first accounts of the fire at the Maryland Hotel there was a story to the effect that Palmer Day, assistant manager of the hotel, a young man a trifle under the average stature, made his way into the burning building with a wet handkerchief over his face, and carried out the mother of Manager D. M. Linnard, an elderly woman of rather large physique, but quite feeble. Mr. Day had, several months ago, been innocently involved in a case of misusing the mails, a charge of which he was exonerated later, and those who knew of the incident commented upon this heroic action as something of a payment of gratitude to his employer for his friendship in that embarrassing predicament. It was a pretty story, but the fact is that Mr. Day had nothing to do with the rescuing of Madame Linnard, that having been the first matter attended to by Mr. Linnard himself when the alarm of fire was sounded.

Is This Repentance?

John W. Summerfield, justice of the peace, a few days ago established the rule that when pretty girls are witnesses in his court, and salacious evidence is expected from them, idlers and loafers are to be barred from the room. Yet it was Summerfield who, not many months ago, officiated at a public wedding on the stage of a cheap vaudeville theater. Has Justice Summerfield seen the error of his ways? Or does he distinguish between morbid, unhealthy curiosity on the part of a theater audience, and that of loungers in his court room?

Whence the "Safety First" Signs?

I have noticed of late the words "Safety First" printed in bold white letters on the curbing at certain corners where street cars turn. Thus far I have been unable to ascertain whether they have been placed there by the street railway company or the city authorities. In either case the idea is a good one. The mania for speed, on the part of automobilists, and for maintaining schedules on the part of motor-men, often causes drivers of cars—trolley and gasoline—to forget that it takes only a few seconds to stop before turning a corner. The street railway rules usually call for such stops, and so the automobilists are the more frequent offenders. "Safety First" begins to approach the position almost of a national slogan, and it cannot be painted on too many corner curbings.

What's the Matter With the Drama?

With both the Mason Opera House and the Majestic unable to find legitimate drama to keep open even this early in spring, there would seem to be occasion for a renewal of the perennial remark that the drama is on the toboggan. This is the more pardonable when one looks at the list of vaudeville bookings and sees such names as William Faversham, Blanche Bates, Fritz Scheff, Olga Nethersole, Theodore Roberts, Eddie Foy, Louis Mann, and others almost equally prominent. The present trouble is, according to reports from New York, that self-respecting stars will not appear in the kind of plays which seem to have the call upon public favor, or at least which the producing managers believe enjoy such popularity, and that these stars, coincidentally, cannot get managers to produce plays in which they, the actors, have faith. Yet the drama of the underworld appears to have run its course, and the managerial problem seems to be to find its legitimate successor. The literary drama is still years ahead of the public, and only a few of the spectacular productions, such as "Kismet," have been able to run through the season. I believe the answer, so far as the generality of theaters is concerned, will be found in high class melodrama of the type of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Man of the Hour." Thrills without nausea seem to be natural demand as an outgrowth of recent aberrations.

Charles W. Fairbanks, the Genial!

There has always been an impression throughout the nation that Charles W. Fairbanks, former vice president, is a man of austere personality. Mr. Fairbanks was a winter resident in Pasadena, making his home at the lamented Maryland Hotel, and in the several months of his stay achieved a reputation as one of the most genial of men. He had entertaining stories for all occasions, and was ever ready to enter into the spirit of a jolly crowd. A typical incident has just come to light. He was invited to speak at a picnic of a state society at Sycamore Park, and when he asked what time he was expected to arrive there was told that the speaking would begin at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the committee explaining apologetically that what preceded would be in the nature of an entirely informal bas-

ket picnic. "Well, don't you think I enjoy a basket picnic as well as any of you?" Mr. Fairbanks asked, and sure enough, when the day came, the "austere" former vice president was on hand early in the day, bringing his basket, the life of the whole affair.

Bill Stoermer Bobs Up Again

One of the unique figures of the amusement world is Colonel Bill Stoermer—the military title being his in accordance with the best traditions of the show world. Just when everyone has begun to forget there ever was such a person, Stoermer bobs up again in an unexpected way, personally answering the occasionally queries, "What has become of Stoermer?" He is now the genius of the Press Club's Midway Plaisance, and making a considerable success of it.

Latest Bit of Hirsute Madness

Is there any danger of the latest bit of hirsute madness on the part of young women becoming epidemic? If so, preventive steps should be taken. Twice in the last week I have seen young women on the street with a lock of hair above each ear coiled into a perfect circle and pasted upon the face just behind the cheek-bone. It is a decoration that would make the Fiji islander envious. I have been willing to admit, with certain reservations, that the slit skirt is a natural evolution borne of a desire for greater freedom of movement than is permitted by the narrow style of dresses, and with kindred restrictions have been inclined to regard the tendency toward scantiness of garments as conducive to health, but neither health nor convenience can explain such vagaries as this latest one. It is a recrudescence of what was vulgarly known as the "spit curl" in my boyhood days.

Can the Chamber "Come Back?"

There has been no more potent influence in the up-building of Los Angeles than the Chamber of Commerce. This has been due to the fact that all its tremendous energy was devoted to constructive promotion of the natural advantages of Southern California. Controversial matters were avoided, and left to the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association on the one hand and the Municipal League on the other, both of which bodies, I believe, grew out of the Chamber of Commerce for the purpose, specifically, of engaging in work which must cause antagonism of a nature which would destroy the efficiency of the parent organization. Even if the Chamber's vote on the bond proposition had been fairly taken, it was a mistake to take it at all. Frank Wiggins' best friends grieve to see him forced into a bitter controversy which is entirely out of his department. His genius for advertising is unique and he should be left free to exercise it. That the bond campaign will weaken the Chamber of Commerce as a promotion organization none can deny. The question is, can it "come back" after the fight is over and take up its natural functions where it left off? Let us hope so.

Power Bond Problem in a Nutshell

With the organization of a committee of one hundred, the campaign to pass the power bond issue is in full blast and there will be many columns of arguments printed on both sides. Yet the proposition is simple enough, and merely amounts to this: Why were the issues not segregated? To indulge in further debate with this question unanswered is sheer waste of time and good printer's ink.

United We Stand—Also Lie

Never, I feel sure, in the entire history of the world, has there been such a display of minds separated by thousands of miles, operating in exact unison, as was provided by the editors of the Hearst newspapers in their issues of Wednesday morning, April 15, of this memorable year. Last week I drew attention to the heroic action of the Los Angeles squad of editors in publishing a private dispatch addressed to them by William Randolph Hearst. They recked not that their action in divulging a private telegram from their employer might result in their dismissal from his service, but so inspired were they by the high patriotism of his words that they determined to pass them on to the public, and take chances. I had supposed that this was an isolated case—it was too much to expect that such devotion to public duty, transcending private interest, would occur more than once in a year, to say nothing of more than once in a single day, and in a single organization. Imagine then, my astonishment, to find in the San Francisco Examiner of the same date precisely the same magnificent recklessness of consequence upon the part of Publisher Dent Robert and Editor Charley Stanton! Not only did they, too, dare to publish the Hearst private letter, but they used the same identical words for headlines, introduction and conclusion as did Publisher Max Ihmsen and Editor Fred Eldridge. The San Francisco patriots, like those in Los Angeles, headed their

article, "The people will support the President in Mexico; let us hope he will support the people in Panama," and introduced the private dispatch with the words, "In a dispatch to the editor in charge of the Examiner *not intended for publication*, but characteristic in clearness and patriotism, Mr. Hearst said last night—the italics are mine. So, Mr. Hearst has his editors trained to act as a unit, not only when carrying out his wishes, but likewise when disregarding them, for it is fair to assume that the same brief soul-struggles took place in the Hearst offices in Chicago, New York, Boston, Atlanta and Baltimore, with precisely the same results. What is it—telepathy, spiritualism, or intuition?

Thomas Carlyle and W. R. Hearst

In "The French Revolution," Thomas Carlyle wrote: "Man and his life rest no more on hollowness and a lie, but on solidarity and some kind of truth. . . . Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth. . . . But as for falsehood, which, in like contrary manner, grows ever falser—what can it, or what should it do but decease, being ripe; decompose itself, gently or even violently, and return to the father of it?" I wonder what Carlyle, were he alive today, would say of Hearst and his "not intended for publication."

Race Not Always to the Swift

Every night each of the two greens—the original one from the Herald presses and the copy from the Express—contains a boast of how many hours and fractions thereof it has beaten its rival the preceding night with the news of the baseball game and of the war. It is not that they deliberately misrepresent, but each has its own method of deciding as to the time of issue. For example, the Herald will have a man at a certain corner, and he will note the time of arrival there of his paper, and of the Express, while the Express will choose another point, naturally, much nearer its press room. Of course, the crowning insult is to sell an extra in the alley of the rival publication before it can get its presses started. This boast is more infrequent than the others mentioned. Seconds count in the race for street sales, but I doubt if the public is as much impressed by these declarations of speed on the part of the racers as they themselves seem to think.

Fortunate Pretension of the Herald

"There is nothing mysterious about the success of the Herald," said a keen observer of affairs the other day. "Hearst has never openly admitted his control, and so the paper has all the advantages of the lively sort of journalism Hearst's editors have established, without being burdened by displays of megalomania."

Battle of the Headlines

War with all its horrors of typographical slaughter is upon us. Anything to make the paper sell, is the watchword. For example, in a recent issue of the Tribune there was a line in black type across the top of the first page, "U. S. Hurls Ultimatum at Huerta." This was before any such action had really been taken, and hunting down the column for the basis of the headline I found this: "Huerta is tonight in receipt of a reply from this government which is *in effect* an ultimatum." It is a considerable leap from "in effect" to "hurled."

Literary Censor Still Needed

I drew attention last week to the necessity for the appointment of a literary censor, or the purchase of a dictionary of quotations by the Times. Apparently, the berth is still open. In one article this week there was reference to "a young Chinese boy, the double of John Hay's 'Ah Sin,'" doubtless meaning Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and last Sunday the happy-go-lucky Henry Christeen Warnack mentioned the sage of Samoa twice, spelling his name "Stephenson."

Squelching the Agitators

Pasadena printers put over a good joke on one of their number who is well known for his socialistic, or anarchistic leanings, this week. This printer, Harry Huff, is secretary of the typographical union of the Crown City, and incidentally representative of the body on the board of labor. The latter organization met one evening, and decided that war was not only what Sherman said it was, but that the Mexican conflict was the particular, private and personal gehenna of John D. Rockefeller, and should not be permitted. So with much highly embellished language the board of labor denounced the employment of armed forces in Mexico, and recommended a nation-wide strike. Huff was at the meeting and was one of those who voted for the resolution. It so happens that in the Pasadena typographical union there are veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and members of the state militia. A meeting of the union was called at once, and after a brief but decisive engagement, a resolution was

passed repudiating the action of the board of labor, and Huff was ordered to sign it, affix the seal of the union and take it to the newspapers for publication. His idea of a nation-wide strike did not go deep enough to make him feel like sacrificing his official position, with its stipend, and he obeyed.

What Will Theodore Say?

Speaking of war, I wonder what Theodore will say when he gets back to the telegraph lines, and finds that the American forces have been ordered into action without his consent or approval. It is *lese majeste* in its most virulent form. Nobody has a right to have a war going on when "I" am about to be on "my" way home, calling at various places and telling the authorities how to run their business. How can "my" interviews receive proper recognition with the first pages of all newspapers given up to war layouts? It is almost criminal. The only thing left for the Colonel is to get back into the saddle and organize another troop of Rough Riders, and I venture to predict that he will not be treated as the McKinley war department treated the present secretary of state, who, it will be remembered, was sent into camp in Florida, and kept there until the war was over.

Phelan on the Stump

James D. Phelan is in these parts promoting his candidacy for the United States senate. He is the second Democrat from the north to invade, but his methods are distinctly different from those of the optimistic Sidney Van Wyck, who came to us, "holding the thought" that he is to be next governor of the state. Phelan is a politician, and he does not believe that elections are won by moral suasion. Meetings and personal contact are necessary features of the campaign, but I think the local councils of the faithful have received a goodly share of Phelan's attention.

Agriculture and Farming

Those who delight in fine distinctions in terminology will appreciate a definition rendered by Harold Sands, an Englishman who works for a Pasadena newspaper, but lives on a small ranch near Covina, making the trip to and from his home every day. To a friend who remarked that it was strange to find a man in a position to enjoy the independent existence of a farmer, engaged in so exacting an occupation as journalism, Sands replied: "A farmer is a man who makes his money on a farm and spends it in town; an agriculturist is a man who makes his money in town and spends it on the farm. I am an agriculturist."

Aviation, Warfare and Suicide

Perhaps, the Mexican clash will prove to what extent the aeroplane, in its present stage of development, is valuable in warfare, as a goodly number of men have been ordered to be ready for service in the aviation corps. At San Diego there have been upward of a dozen fatal accidents since the "school" opened there, and there is no record of the number of times aviators have been forced to make descents where they did not intend to land, through mishaps to the mechanism. The latter, in actual warfare, especially against such enemies as the Mexicans, would come in the category of "fatal accidents." Should men who volunteer for this arm of the service be classed as heroes or persons with suicidal tendencies?

What Is Going on at San Diego?

Speaking of publicity and fairs—I wonder what has become of our old friend Winfield Hogaboom and the San Diego Exposition. Until the resignation of Col. Collier a few weeks ago, there was a constant stream of promotion material coming out of the Hogaboom offices, but apparently someone has taken the "boom" out of Hogey's name, for nary a buff envelope have I had from him in weeks. If the crushers have been put on the publicity department, it would almost look as if the fair has been abandoned, for what is a fair without a busy press agent?

Eight to One, Cowardly

Because the editor of the Monrovia Messenger referred in scurrilous language to the city clerk of Monrovia who once drove a laundry wagon, the indiscreet journalist has been roughly handled by the city official and a few of his friends. Apparently, the editor earned the reprisal, but it should have been given by the insulted man personally. Eight to one was a cowardly form of attack, as unpardonable as the attack in the newspaper.

We appeal to the war department to send a big detachment of troops to General Otis' ranch across the line from Calexico. The patriotic support accorded the national administration in the Los Angeles Times calls for service in kind.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Promoters of the Los Angeles Grand Opera Company took a novel means of setting before the public their aims and hopes, by offering a program at the Auditorium last Friday night. John W. Mitchell presided and a long array of speakers and musicians was presented. The verbal talent included Mayor Rose, Carlo Marchetti, Carl Bronson, Charles F. Lummis, and Rev. Joseph Tonello, all of whom spoke highly of the formation of an opera company bearing the Los Angeles name. Mr. Bronson, however, played a little joke on the promoters, Messrs. Lambardi and Marchetti, by giving a boost in his speech to the federation opera project locally headed by F. W. Blanchard. The music offered was of an unusually high grade. Ray Hastings opened the program with several organ selections, followed by Ettore Campana, singing the prologue from "I Pagliacci" and the toreador's song from "Carmen." He has never done better work on the local stage and the audience warmly recognized his worth as it did also that of Archie Chamlee, tenor, a young pupil of Achille Alberti. Mr. Chamlee bids fair to take a creditable position as opera singer, if he keeps on in the unusually interesting style evinced at this time. Mrs. Robbins, Achille Alberti, baritone, and Mrs. Charles Bradley, contralto, each was heard in vocal selections. Carl Bronson had his choir on hand and it sang the Hallelujah chorus, from "The Messiah," accompanied by Mr. Collison at the organ; as a closing number the "Rigoletto" quartet was given by Wanda Robertson, Mrs. Robbins, Messrs. Chamlee and Alberti. This affair showed a few of the many operatic voices in Los Angeles, where there is almost enough material for the formation of a company.

Promoters of this opera plan, Messrs. Marchetti and Lambardi, leave for Europe in May to secure talent to head the company. They announce that they have an arrangement with Constantino, the great tenor, heard here with the San Carlo company managed by Henry Russell, by which Constantino is to sing leading roles with the new company. They plan to present opera at popular prices and already have the names of 500 musical persons in Los Angeles, it is said, as patrons of the coming season. When that number is doubled and when the patrons really patronize the opera company to the extent of one seat a performance, there is little question that opera may pay its way in Los Angeles. But if many of the sponsors "stop away," as it is noted in the recent symphony series, the mere use of names will not give much weight to the contribution box. Los Angeles is not a spendthrift city; it holds on to its cash quite successfully, even in the face of symphony and opera projects, and only a magic dollar extractor, yet to be devised, will give this city the name of being musical, by the proper support of worthy musical enterprises.

Director Lebegott has another satisfactory concert to his credit. It was given last week at the Auditorium by the festival chorus, under his direction. I believe this is the chorus formerly conducted by Thomas Taylor Drill and presided over by N. Banks Cregier, himself a conductor of no little experience. Opening the program, the chorus sang Eaton Fanning's "Daybreak," a much more interesting number than the majority of separate chorus works. The main choral number was the Du-

bois cantata, "The Seven Last Words" (not the last seven words). In this, the chorus proved its mettle and the careful drill to which it had been subjected. While the management of the choristers on the stage was somewhat unfortunate, the effects obtained were massive in power and the attacks were precise. The tonal balance was assisted by bringing the usually weak sections, basses and tenors, to the fore. The soloists were Mrs. Bertha Vaughn, soprano, John A. Stockman, tenor, and

Rossett plays with accurate intonation and with delicate appreciation of sentiment. Ray Hastings was the instrumental support for this chorus, playing the organ accompaniment with excellent orchestral registration, which gave color values and strength to the Du-bois work. Blanche Ebert proved at this first appearance that she is a capable and reliable piano accompanist.

Only a few lines of small type in a death notice—that was all the daily papers gave to the passing of Will E. Bates, one of the best cornet players of the West. Mr. Bates died of an apoplectic stroke, and was laid at rest Friday of last week. He was an instrumentalist of high rank, having toured as solo cornet player with Sousa and other concert band leaders. His kindly disposition endeared him to his friends and his sudden and almost unnoticed passing from life is greatly regretted.

Saint Saens quintet was heard by a



MISCHA ELMAN, IN VIOLIN RECITAL, AT THE AUDITORIUM

Joseph Porter, baritone. I felt like giving the latter his wonted title "K. C. B." for the excellent way he handled his baritone solos. His tone had the clarity of a tenor and the enunciation was delightfully clear. Mr. Porter should be heard more frequently in public.

Instrumentalists demanded no small share of the applause at this concert. Lillian Smith, pianist, played four numbers and added encores. In these she was the more successful in the selections from her teacher, Theodor Leschetizky. Miss Smith's specialty is bravura work and in this she displays a very facile technic. In this concert she was unfortunate in the position of her instrument, in having choristers seated between her and the audience and having a piano of hard tone quality. Under more fortunate conditions Miss Smith's abilities would show to greater advantage. Emile Rossett is a new feature in our local violin world. He played the well known Meditation from "Thais" and a gypsy number by the Spanish composer Nachez. Mr.

good sized audience at the Woman's club house last Monday night, in a program which had more than passing interest. Opening it was a trio by Goddard, played by E. H. Clark, Mrs. Menasco and Will Strobridge. This was in the style of tuneful salon music, though having sonata form. The central number was Haydn's first string quartet, played by Messrs. E. H. and W. A. Clark, Angeloty and Mrs. Menasco. Haydn began to write his quartets in 1755. He was almost the originator of this style of music and this first of his seventy-seven quartets is interesting only from a historical standpoint. It furnished an excellent contrast to the Arensky quintet which closed the program and in which the players were heard to the best advantage. The antique and the modern were thus placed side by side so that the beginnings of sonata form were comparable with the modern elaboration of it. The audience appreciated the work of the players, who give their time and their concerts for pure love of the art, no admission fee to the recitals being charged. Mrs. Frank H.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

Colby was vocal soloist of the evening, singing a group of songs by Branscombe, which were not well suited to her style, and an aria from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" which was. So enjoyable was the performance of the latter number that an encore was demanded and Mrs. Colby sang with equal skill a song by her husband, a new composition which received "con amore" interpretation from the fair singer. Mr. Colby accompanied at the piano.

Los Angeles is said to have the largest association of alumni and former students of the New England Conservatory in the country, outside of New England itself. The local association holds an annual banquet and reunion, this year's taking place at the Hollenbeck, last Friday night. More than fifty sat at the tables and listened to an elaborate program. Miss Eva Pike introduced the toastmaster, Frank H. Colby, and none of the persons on the program escaped the light-winged shafts of his humor, as he brought the speakers or players to their feet. Carl Bronson spoke of music in the early days of California, especially of that first brass band which came over the plains, of which his father was the leader, and which scared the Indians into submission. Other speakers were Mrs. Laura Cressey, Minnie Jenkins and Benjamin Scoville, the latter being particularly interesting in his talk on friends in the N. E. C. On the musical program were Mrs. Robt. Fowler, Arthur Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wylie, violinist and vocalist, and Mrs. Myrtle Colby. Of the numbers offered one was a song by F. H. Colby, dedicated to Arthur Babcock and sung by him. Homer Tourjee, son of Eben Tourjee, founder of the New England Conservatory, was present and a composition of his, "Good Fellow Song," was sung by the assembly at the close of the program. Letters were read from George P. Upton, Charles W. Cadman, invited guests, and from George W. Chadwick, director of the institution. So much variety was offered on the program that it was enjoyed more than such affairs generally are.

Adolf Tandler, director of the Symphony Orchestra, and who has been re-elected to that position for the next season, in a few weeks will start for Europe to visit his mother in Austria. Incidentally, he will look up new music for next year's symphony series and possibly may secure several compositions which will be entire novelties to Los Angeles. Mr. Tandler has had a strenuous season. Almost as a stranger he was brought before the public in an arduous and taxing position, one in which he had to "make good" by real merit, or fail. It is needless to say to anyone who heard the recent series of concerts by the local orchestra that the young conductor has made a place for himself in the affections of the musical people of Los Angeles and vicinity.

Matinee Musical Club gave a program of German composers at the Gamut Club auditorium, Thursday of last week. This club, in addition to the presentation of compositions, has the custom of hearing papers on the composers of the music. The essays at this meeting were read by Marguerite Ratzer, Barbara Taylor, and Mrs. Charles Delano. The members presenting instrumental and vocal music were Pauline Farquhar, Mrs. Vernon Stockwell, Mrs. Fred Rossiter, Edna May Brown. A "Butterfly Dance" was given by Misses Evangeline Hall and Helen Long. The program was in charge of Agnes Woodward.

Olga Steeb is announced for last night, playing with the Woman's Orchestra, under Henry Schoenfeld, at the Auditorium. Miss Steeb's program offered three concertos. A program of this kind is a novelty in Los Angeles, though occasionally such is given in Europe. Miss Steeb, a few years ago,

gave three concerts in Berlin, at each one of which she played three concertos, nine in all, a feat of such scope as to demand attention in all musical quarters. Notice of last night's concerts will be given in these columns next week.

Lillian Smith will give a piano recital at Ocean Park this afternoon. Several of her pupils will take part and eight numbers will be introduced. The program is unusually interesting. She has secured a date with the Chicago Orchestra, playing a concerto with that organization next season, under Frederick Stock. There is no doubt that Miss Smith will do her home city credit.

Last Friday evening was productive of concerts. One large affair was the concert given by pupils of the College of Music of the University of Southern California, at Blanchard hall. Twenty of the advanced pupils of the school were heard in a program offering a wide variety. Nine or ten of the teachers of the institution were represented by pupils. A high standard was shown by the program and its performance.

Alliance Francaise program at the Gamut Club auditorium last Monday night had a decidedly musical side, as it included musical numbers by Emile Rosset, formerly concertmeister of the Lamoureux orchestra, Genevieve Smith, soprano, and Raoul Laparra, Parisian composer sojourning in Los Angeles. The latter presented several of his latest compositions not yet published. The program was arranged by Hector Alliott, the popular Franco-American savant.

Starved to a Surrender

New York World: The copper strike in Northern Michigan has been ended by the votes of the miners. It began last July. It has been attended by violence and suffering, by obstinacy and tyranny. Those who surrendered were at the point of exhaustion. The strike has cost them dearly, but it has taught them and others many things. In Houghton county the copper companies are more than employers. They are the government. They control the streets, houses, schools, churches and local officials as well as the mines. What the employers do as a matter of course, it is unlawful for the employees to do. The employers combine; they monopolize; they set aside law; they hire fighting men; they make war. Because the employers have had these advantages and have refused to arbitrate, they have won a famous victory over a naturally industrious and peaceable population, which has not been worn out so much as it has been starved out. Some triumphs are worthwhile and some are not. In this country injustice and hunger never yet made a conquest that endured.

Safe Housing Government Exhibits

Buffalo Times: President Wilson has approved Secretary of State Bryan's recommendation that congress make an appropriation of \$500,000 for a building in which to display and protect the government exhibits at the Panama-Pacific exposition. The reasons which prescribe this necessary and obvious provision for the future are in every respect as conclusive as those which caused congress two years ago to make the \$500,000 appropriation for government representation at the world's fair in San Francisco. The federal exhibits will be a very interesting and important feature of the exposition. Intrinsically, they are of the utmost value. In addition to the fact that they are so extensive as to require a building to themselves, for their suitable display, many of them are of such a nature that loss or damage to them would be irreparable. It is a matter both of good sense, and of duty, to house them safely. As the President and secretary of state point out, many foreign governments are erecting

Out There Somewhere

By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

[Henry Herbert Knibbs is one of the more recent additions to the ever growing literary colony of Los Angeles and environs. He is poet, essayist and author, not a little of whose good work has appeared in the columns of The Graphic. His book reviews are fully as entertaining as many of the books themselves and his studies of Alfred Noyes' poetry, recently published in The Graphic, made wide appeal for their incisiveness and appreciative discrimination. It is rumored that Mr. Knibbs has a new and powerful novel in the press, dealing with California life, soon to be published. In the poem "Out There Somewhere," which we reprint below from the May American Magazine, the discerning reader will trace the Noyesian influence on Mr. Knibbs and perhaps recall the lilting strain of "The Companion of a Mile" from "Tales of the Mermaid Inn," not that the slightest plagiarism is suggested. Here is the poem, which has a Southern California allusion in the last stanza but one.]

As I was hiking past the woods, the cool and sleepy summer woods,
I saw a guy a-talking to the sunshine in the air;
Thinks I, he's going to have a fit—I'll stick round and watch a bit;
But he paid no attention, hardly knowing I was there.

He must have been a college guy, for he was talking big and high,—
The trees was standing all around as silent as a church—
A little closer I saw he was manufacturing poetry,
Just like a Mocker sitting on a pussy-willow perch.

I squatted down and rolled a smoke and listened to each word he spoke;
He never stumbled, reared or broke; he never missed a word,
And though he was a Bo like me, he'd been a gent once, I could see;
I ain't much strong on poetry, but this is what I heard:

"We'll dance a merry saraband from here to drowsy Samarcand.
Along the sea, across the land, the birds are flying South,
And you, my sweep Penelope, out there somewhere you wait for me
With buds of roses in your hair and kisses on your mouth.

"The mountains are all hid in mist; the valley is like amethyst;
The poplar leaves they turn and twist; oh silver, silver green!
Out there somewhere along the sea a ship is waiting patiently,
While up the beach the bubbles slip with white afloat between.

"The tide-hounds race far up the shore—the hunt is on! The breakers roar
(Her spars are tipped with gold and o'er her deck the spray is flung;
The buoys that roll in the bay, they nod the way, they nod the way!
The hunt is up! I am the prey! The hunter's bow is strung!"

"Out there somewhere," says I to me. "By Gosh! I guess that's poetry!
Out there somewhere—Penelope—with kisses on her mouth!"
And then, thinks I, "O college guy, your talk it gets me in the eye,
The North is creeping in the air; the birds are flying South."

Yet then the sun was shining down, a-blazing on the little town,
A mile or so 'way down the track a-dancing in the sun.
But somehow, as I waited there, there came a shiver in the air;
"The birds are flying South," he says. "The winter has begun."

Says I, "Then let's be on the float. You certainly have got my goat;
You make me hungry in my throat for seeing things that's new.
Out there somewhere we'll ride the range a-looking for the new and strange;
My feet are tired and need a change. Come on! It's up to you!"

"There ain't no sweet Penelope somewhere that's longing much for me,
But I can smell the blundering sea and hear the rigging hum;
And I can hear the whispering lips that fly before the outbound ships,
And I can hear the breakers on the sand a-calling 'Come!'

And then that slim, poetic guy he turned and looked me in the eye;
" . . . It's overland and overland and overseas to—where?"
"Most anywhere that isn't here," I says. His face went kind of queer;
"The place we're in is always here. The other place is there."

He smiled, though, as my eye caught his. "Then what a lot of there, there is
To go and see and go and see and go and see some more."
He did a fancy step or two. Says he, "I think I'll go with you—"
" . . . Two moons, and we are baking in the straits of Singapore.

Around the world and back again; we saw it all. The mist and rain
In England and the hot old plain from Needles to Berdoo.
We kept a-rambling all the time. I rustled grub, he rustled rhyme—
Blind-baggage, hoof it, ride or climb—we always put it through.

Just for a con I'd like to know (yes, he crossed over long ago;
And he was right, believe me, Bo!) if somewhere in the South,
Down where the clouds lie on the sea, he found his sweet Penelope
With buds of roses in her hair and kisses on her mouth.

buildings for their exhibits at San Francisco. Assuredly we should do at least as much in this way ourselves, as other governments are doing. Prompt affirmative action by congress is all the more necessary, because the preparations for the exposition are far advanced, and the time left in which to erect a suitable building for the government exhibits is short.

Chicago is showing particular interest in "Prunella" in book form, although the little volume is meeting with much appreciation everywhere.

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Art

By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:
American and European Painters—Mu-
seum Art Gallery.

Senefelder Club—Museum Art Gallery.
That the Senefelder Club of London is determined to raise the lithograph to the level of the original etching, and that the efforts of the members are being rewarded with success, is admitted by all who have studied their exhibitions. In May, the annual exhibition of the club, comprising sixty-six prints and representing thirteen artists, will be a chief feature at the Fine Arts Gallery, museum of history, science and art. This collection comes to Los Angeles from the Sketch Club in San Francisco and is loaned through the courtesy of Mr. Hill Tolerton, the well-known print collector, whose studio is at 107 Grant avenue, San Francisco. The exhibition came to San Francisco directly from London and has been shown only once in America.

* * *

At my recent visit to San Francisco I found the Senefelder Club exhibition artistically the most worth-while of any of the current art shows in the north. The autographic character of painter-lithography has in the last few years made for a wide and growing interest in work in this medium. No single influence in developing this interest has exceeded that of the Senefelder Club of London. Aloys Senefelder (1771-1834) was the inventor of lithography and practically every method now used was his. Lithography, in a word, is a process by which exact facsimiles of drawings or paintings may be multiplied by printing from stone having affinity for grease and water. The original drawing may be made directly upon the stone or upon paper and transferred to the stone. Among great artists this second reason is for obvious reasons the more common. The lithographer crayon, chalk or pencil is made of a greasy substance which, after application to the surface of the lithographic stone, is fixed by an acid solution which, however, produces neither an incised nor a raised line upon the stone. From the flat surface of the stone direct printing is done, the ink adhering to the drawing and being repelled by the exposed surface of the stone. Lithography in color requires the use of a separate stone for each color. The Senefelder Club exhibition will be shown in the main gallery, Museum of History, Science and Art. The prints will be arranged on the new print screens recently acquired by the gallery of fine arts. The exhibition will be under the patronage of the College Women's Club and a special opening reception will be given by the club members.

* * *

Several new canvases of note have recently been added to the collection at the gallery of fine arts. One of these is a winter wood interior by Elmer Schofield and is a National Academy prize winner. Mr. Schofield is among the foremost modern American painters and his art calls for no comment at this time. Schofield's work is in a class with that of Gardner Symons and Redfield and few painters can surpass this group for strength of handling and direction of purpose. Two new canvases from the versatile brush of Detlef Sammann have been included in

the catalogue and Lyda Price has loaned a figure study called "Young Girl in White." This canvas was shown in the Salon des Beaux Arts in Paris in the spring of 1905.

* * *

Of unusual interest to students is a group of five large canvases on the west wall representing the trend of modern art. In this group are hung "Girl in Kimono" by Helen Dunlap, "Faywood Flats" and "Impression of Late Afternoon Sunlight" by Jack Gage Stark, "Houses, Trees, and Reflection in Water" and "Beach at Bordighera" by Jerome S. Blum of Chicago. Each one of these advanced canvases is a handling of a problem in light and should be considered from this point of view.

* * *

Jerome S. Blum is a radical who is creating a real sensation in Chicago. His recent exhibition at the Art Institute received the most favorable comment from art lovers and critics alike. The two works shown at this time tingle with light and air and color, and are certainly a challenge to the realistic school. The artist shows a certain decorative instinct for composition and is quite fearless in his color contrasts. He paints with a great deal of knowledge and his feeling for the poetic in nature is decidedly marked. Let all who can study this comparative group.

* * *

As the spring advances one-man shows follow one another in rapid succession. The interest at the Steckel gallery does not wane. This week and next a collection of twenty-seven landscape and figure studies in oil by Wm. Lees Judson is to be viewed at Mr. Steckel's attractive art rooms. I am forced to admit that twenty-seven canvases are too many for the gallery and considering this fact the walls are remarkably well arranged. Mr. Judson has selected this collection with a view of showing what may be done with noon-day light. The subjects are all chosen in Southern California and with but a few exceptions are all much the same in character. Several of the most successful compositions were taken in the Arroyo Seco near Garvanza, which is one of Judson's favorite sketching grounds. I am particularly interested at this time in several shore marines painted at Corona del Mar. These are among the most meritorious works hung. Mr. Judson paints with the pallet knife and succeeds far better than do many who essay this difficult method. Among the works that deserve special attention at this showing may be mentioned "San Jacinto, Morning," "Autumn," "Corona del Mar," "Crepisante," "Red Cloud" and "Monterey Fish Houses."

* * *

One of the leading articles in the current issue of International Studio is Charles de Kay's description of the seven mural decorations recently made by Albert Hertler for the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco. Six illustrations accompany the article, reproductions of the mural paintings entitled "Europe," "Farther Asia," "Detail of Farther Asia," "Africa," and "Central and South America." Helen Slack writes of Martha Walter, "painter of joyous children," with five illustrations of the happy youngsters; Achille Segard of "The Recent Work of Aman Jean," with reproductions of nine murals and portraits; Malcolm Salaman of the watercolor drawings of James McBey; Arthur Reddie of Frederic Whiting, a painter of out-of-door life,

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

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The Graphic has been established eighteen years. Its reputation, its prestige and its circulation are steadily increasing. It is the only high-class weekly in Los Angeles that goes into the homes and the clubs, containing, as it does, reading matter so diversified that it is equally interesting to men and women who think for themselves.

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S. T. CLOVER = = = Editor and Publisher

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"Art and Fancy," a new art gallery, in the Title Guarantee building, opened Wednesday with a special exhibition of the work of E. A. Holding and Frederic Gay. The work of these two able painters has never before been shown in this country and all who can should avail themselves of this opportunity to study it. Review next week.



Social & Personal

Col. and Mrs. William May Garland will give a dinner dance Monday evening at the Bolsa Chica club for Mr. Garland's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hunter, who are staying in Pasadena. The guests will leave in a special car Monday afternoon, returning Tuesday morning.

Miss Winifred Maxon of Ardmore avenue is entertaining with a luncheon Monday afternoon for Miss Georgia Off, the guests to be the girls who are to compose the bridal party at the marriage of Miss Off to Mr. Jack Somers, which is to take place the coming week. Covers will be laid for Mrs. Nathan G. McCarthy and the Misses Elizabeth Wood, Amy Busch, Gertrude Shafer, Katherine Flint and Dorothy Greaves, of San Francisco.

Miss Alice Elliott, daughter of Mr. J. V. Elliott, will leave shortly for a protracted stay on her father's ranch. Her brother, Mr. Robert Elliott, is coming down from Berkeley soon for a brief visit before leaving for Germany and Italy with Mr. Sidney Johnstone of this city and Mr. Corbett Moody of San Francisco.

Mrs. John F. Francis of Bonnie Brae street is to preside at a delightfully appointed luncheon this afternoon for two charming bride elects, Miss Isabelle Watson, who is to marry Mr. Stuart O'Melveny, and Miss Evangeline Duque, who is betrothed to Mr. Irving Walker. Pink Killarney roses, combined with lilies of the valley, will grace the table, and little china baskets, holding the blossoms, will be at each place. In the drawing room Killarneys and gladiolus will be used, the hall will be bright with American beauties, and a striking combination in the living room is of yellow and purple iris. Covers are to be laid for Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Ruth Kays, Miss Clara Watson, Miss Lena Roland, Miss Lucy Carson, Miss Katherine Banning, Mrs. H. H. Cotton and Mrs. Clarence Moore. Miss Watson is to be guest of honor Monday at the dinner dance given at the Midwick club by the Misses Katherine and Marjorie Ramsay, and Tuesday Miss Duque will compliment her with a luncheon for twelve of the honored guest's intimate friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barker gave a buffet supper last evening in honor of Count and Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt who are leaving soon for Austria. A similar affair was given Tuesday night by Mr. and Mrs. William E. Dunn, and Monday night Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant gave a dinner in their honor. Mrs. W. H. Holliday will compliment Mrs. von Schmidt with an informal affair Tuesday afternoon, and Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Irwin Herron is to give a bridge in her honor. Miss Louise Burke is also to entertain the coming week, and the Sunday before their departure, Count and Mrs. von Schmidt will be the honored guests at a tea to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Dan McFarland.

Miss Eloise Watson is the guest of Miss Helen Montague at Stanford, where she will remain for several days. She has been visiting in San Francisco for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney are giving a dinner this evening at the Midwick, their guests being Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage, Miss Hanaway, and Mr. Louis Vetter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marsh are among the hosts at the Midwick Country club, this evening, having asked Mr. and Mrs. James C. Drake, Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. E.

J. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Louise Johnson, Mr. Howard Dudley, and Mr. Endicott Bradstreet. Others who have reserved tables for this evening are Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Russell McDonald Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. A. Van Kaathoven, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Burek, and Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee A. Phillips of Berkeley Square were the hosts at a dinner and musicale which took place Wednesday evening. Cut flowers and ferns were arranged in bowls and vases for the decorations, and roses and lilies brightened the tables where covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Nourse, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Beveridge, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. John Burke, Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Borden, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. Seeley W. Mudd, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Seaman, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Ward, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Washburn and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Toll.

Miss Eleanor Richards, daughter of Mrs. T. W. T. Richards of Bonnie Brae street, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Harvey Blanchard Lyon of Oakland, the service being read by the Rev. C. M. Carter in the First Baptist Church. Roses and ferns and bows of pink tulle decorated the home and the church. The bride wore white charmeuse, draped with lace and embroidered with pearls, and her veil was of tulle and lace. She carried orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids, Miss Ruth Hutchinson, Miss Agnes Ganahl, Miss Edith Englehardt, Miss Lucille Lyon and Miss Marion Judah, were in varying shades of pink taffeta, and Miss May Richard, maid of honor, wore pale rose taffeta. All of her attendants wore quaint Dutch caps and carried pink roses. Small Will Flourney was ring bearer and little Mildred Lyon was flower girl. Mr. Bruce Maiden acted as best man, and the ushers were W. Parker Lyon, Sydney Merrit, Elmer Johnson, Ernest Ganahl, Robert Flourney and Richard Rowell. After a wedding the young folks left for an automobile honeymoon. They will make their home in Oakland.

Of especial interest to the younger set was the wedding of Miss Georgia Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner Johnson of Hoover street, to Mr. Donald Dawson, at St. John's, Tuesday evening. Ferns and tulle and potted plants decked the beautiful church. The bride wore a robe of white satin and lace, and her tulle veil was arranged in cap shape and fastened with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley. Miss Lina Johnson, the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, Miss Helen Gavan, Miss Katherine Glasgow, Miss Lucy Smith and Miss Margaret Ericson, were all in lingerie gowns, with taffeta paniers of varying tones. They wore old fashioned bonnets and carried armfuls of pink roses. Mr. Ward Dawson served as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Edward Lawrence Do-

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heny, Jr., Philip Harrigan, Frank McClure and Paul Nourse. The bridal party and a few friends enjoyed a wedding supper at the Johnson home, and the young couple left for their honeymoon trip.

This evening the fashionable set will enjoy an unusual and original attraction, when the secrets of the "Fashion Show" will be revealed at the Midwick Country Club. Many dinner parties have been formed, and there will be a parade of lovely models recruited from the ranks of both the younger and the older contingents.

Mrs. Valentine Peyton and Miss Mary Belle Peyton are in Seattle for a visit of a month or two. Miss Peyton is planning to pass the summer in the east, but Mrs. Peyton will return to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff has gone east to meet her daughter, Miss Leila Holterhoff, who is to come here from Berlin for a visit, accompanied by Miss Margaret Goldsmith. Accompanying Mrs. Holterhoff on her eastern trip was her mother, Mrs. Valentine Schaeffer of Ohio, who has been visiting her this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Davis have left for New York, en route for a summer in the old country.

Mrs. Owen H. Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street, gave an Indian luncheon Wednesday afternoon. A large Indian basket, brimming with dahlias, decked the center of the table, and at each cover was a tiny basket. Guests included Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. C. B. Woodhead, Mrs. J. Ross Clark, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Joseph Clark, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, Mrs. W. H. Perry, Mrs. George D. Rowan, Mrs. Walter Trask and Mrs. Charles Foreman. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Churchill gave a bridge party for about forty guests. Mr. and Mrs. Churchill will leave soon for their summer home at La Jolla, where their daughter, Mrs. David H. McCartney and her children, are already established.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walsh, is visiting San Francisco. Mrs. Walsh has as house guest her young niece, Miss Georgia Richmond of San Francisco.

Mrs. George L. Crenshaw and Mrs. Joseph Carlisle Wilson gave a luncheon Wednesday in compliment to Mrs. Thomas J. Greer of South Dakota, and Mrs. William C. Morris. Scotch broom and yellow butterflies were used in decking the table, and covers were laid for Mmes. Erasmus Wilson, Frank Walsh, A. B. Barrett, Oscar M. Souden, Charles Sharp, J. T. Fitzgerald, W. I. Hollingsworth, R. B. Day, Charles McFarland, Hugh Harrison, O. E. Monnette, E. A. Featherstone, William Mead and Wiley Johnson.

U. of S. C. Year Book

Showing the steady development of the University of Southern California, the new Year Book of that institution will prove of interest. In 400 pages of well arranged material, the various activities of the nine colleges of the university are set forth. The preparatory school will enter upon a new phase of its existence with the coming year. The number of pupils will be limited to 150 and personal attention will be given to individual students by the large corps of instructors who get their experience there while preparing for higher careers, or for high school certificates, etc. The growth of the college of medicine is especially noticeable as set forth in this volume.

Publication of Lord Alfred Douglas' "Oscar Wilde and Myself" is being delayed in both England and America by libel suits. The book reacts somewhat from the general praise that has been given to Wilde of late years.

Dr. West Hughes Retaliates

One of the Los Angeles constituents scolded by Senator Works for differing with him in regard to the canal tolls controversy was Dr. West Hughes. The senator baldly charged his enlightened constituency with harboring ignorance, but the reply sent to Washington by Dr. Hughes clearly puts the shoe on the other foot. It is an admirable reply to the diatribe of Senator Works and The Graphic is glad to be privileged to print it in full. It is dated Los Angeles, April 12, and reads:

"Hon. John D. Works, United States Senate, Washington, D. C. My dear Senator: I am in receipt of your favor of the 2nd inst. in reply to my letter of the 28th ult. I thank you for the very courteous tone of your communication. There are only two points in the same to which I wish to call your attention:

"First, you state, 'To allow our ships to pass through the canal free of tolls is in no sense a subsidy . . . it is nothing short of absurd to call it a subsidy.'

"Second, you argue that to impose these charges on our coastwise ships passing through the Panama canal is a violation of that provision of the Constitution of the United States which provides that no preference shall be given to the ports of any state in the Union over those of another state.

"Now with regard to the first—suppose that every ship passing through the canal had to pay the same tolls without any discrimination; then suppose the United States should pay to our coastwise vessels a subsidy exactly equal to the tolls; these coastwise ships would then be in exactly the same position as they would under tolls exemption; consequently tolls exemption is the same thing as a subsidy.

"With regard to the second point, that the imposition of tolls is unconstitutional, I am going to show that this extraordinary statement and all your arguments in support of it are based on misinformation, and a lack of knowledge of the subject. The facts are that the United States acquired from the Panama Republic the use, occupation and control of the Canal Zone upon a cash payment of ten million dollars, and pays into the treasury of Panama the sum of \$250,000 a year in perpetuity. In other words the United States does not own the Canal Zone outright, but holds it under a perpetual lease, a very different state of affairs truly from that which holds with regard to our inland rivers and coastwise harbors, which are an integral part of the United States; therefore it follows that imposition of tolls is not a violation of the Constitution.

"With renewed assurances of the great respect which I hold for anyone occupying the high position of a senator of the United States, I am, yours very truly,

"(Signed) WEST HUGHES."

Our Mexican War Burden

Philadelphia Record: We are already maintaining more than 4,000 military and civilian refugees from Ojinaga, and to these involuntary and not too welcome guests are now added 700 Spaniards expelled from Torreon. We can't let these people starve or freeze, but we are not responsible for their condition. We are suffering in various ways from the disorder in Mexico. There is no obvious way in which we can help ourselves, or the victims of Mexican civil war, but no other nation is affected as we are. Our financial investments in Mexico are very much larger than those of any other nation, and there are probably more of our people in Mexico, or were until many of them fled, than of any other nation.

In "The Soul of America," which will bear the Macmillan imprint, Dr. Stanton Colt, long prominent among ethical culturists and social investigators and philosophers in both England and America, will advocate a policy for the spiritual unification of America.

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JOHN MCPHAUL,

Acting Assistant Commissioner of the
General Land Office.

February 11, 1914.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 8th, 1914.

Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Cora Etta Henry, whose post-office address is 436 North Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office sworn Statement and Application, No. 021746, to purchase the Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 14, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land thereon has been appraised, at \$337.50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of June, 1914, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at 10:00 a. m., at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Paul Armstrong is as instinctively melodramatic in his plays as a child is in his gesturing. He preaches the doctrine of "punch" and he employs the obvious in such a way that his audiences are prone to think it subtle and mentally pat themselves on the back for "getting" the point. But in "To Save One Girl" Armstrong lets go and fairly revels in melodrama. He permits his hero to make the flamboyant declarations of virtuous intention that Owen Davis once delighted in, and the Orpheumites render it the necessary tribute of prompt and resounding applause. It is a good playlet for popular consumption; hackneyed of plot, hackneyed of character, but pulsing with the vitality that he can give, and well interspersed with humorous lines. The work of the company which is giving it at the Orpheum this week will not require any of the dramatic reviewers to dig up their books of synonyms in order to acquire new adjectives of appreciation. The girl is well played by Ruth Boyce until emotional requirements are made, when she fails utterly. Donald Fuller poses like a moving picture hero and thus spoils one or two good scenes. It is a large company, and rather an ambitious offering. Fritz Scheff has a new program and displays more of her wonderful gowns this week. She was in excellent voice at the opening matinee, and more cordial to her audience than is her wont. One of the best comedy features of many weeks, combined with skillful feats in jumping, is given by the Hartleys. The man is a record-breaking jumper, and the woman is an irrepressible and irresistible comedienne. The Three 'Varsity Fellows appear to be the genuine article and are amusing entertainers—the sort that might make life merry at a frat house party. The Stanleys have a clever shadow turn, entertaining in spite of its juvenile qualities. Holding over are the Blessings, Shirli Rives, and the Gillette monkeys.

Offerings For Next Week

Chauncey Olcott occupies an unique position among the stage favorites of the day. His name has become associated with a specific type of entertainment, of a kind that possibly no other actor is so well qualified to present. "Shameen Dhu," which he will present at the Mason Opera House the coming week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees, has in full measure all the Olcott characteristics. The ballad songs of old Ireland, the romantic atmosphere, the tender sentiment—all these enter into the play, just as they have in all those which Mr. Olcott has formerly presented. The Irish people are exalted as always, the good qualities emphasized, the beauty of the country idealized. All of Mr. Olcott's offerings have a clean and wholesome atmosphere, and "Shameen Dhu" measures to his high standard. Of course, Mr. Olcott's tenor voice will be a feature of the play, with a number of new songs and several of the old favorites which are always in demand from his legion of admirers.

Mrs. Douglas Crane, who is regarded as one of the most capable exponents of modern dances in the United States, will open a week's engagement at the Majestic Theater Monday night in a new play by Louise Closser Hale entitled "Her Soul and Her Body." This is a dramatization by Mrs. Hale of her own novel, which made such a big

success recently. During the performance of this play Mrs. Crane and Mr. Crane will introduce their celebrated ballroom dances in the second act, including the tango and the Crane skip. In addition, Mrs. Crane will give three new dances, Love's Awakening, the Moth and the Flame, and The Blue Danube. Frederic Belasco, who is managing the play, has personally coached

the United States for about two years. His programs for his two appearances in this city are as follows:

Tuesday evening—Sonata, D major, Op. 12, No. 1 (Beethoven); Concerto, Op. 28 (Goldmark); Sonata, E major (Handel); Nocturne (Chopin-Auer), Vogel als Prophet (Schumann-Auer), Gavotte (Grety-Franko), Polonaise, A major (Wieniawski).

Saturday matinee—Sonata, No. 10 (Mozart); Concerto, B minor, Op. 61 (Saint-Saens); Faust Fantasie (Wieniawski); Serenade melanconique (Tschaikowsky); Hungarian Dance, No. 7 (Brahms-Joachim); Aubade Provencale (Couperin-Kreisle), Etude Caprice (Paganini-Auer).

Sunday afternoon, Adolf Philipp's new play, "My Shadow and I," will be given its first production on any stage at the Burbank, "Auction Pinocchio" being removed Saturday night in order to groom it for the New York presentation. The new play is a comedy in three acts. It is produced under the



CHAUNCEY OLCOFT, IN SHAMEEN DHU, AT THE MASON NEXT WEEK

Mrs. Crane. There is a large company supporting the star. The story of the play has to do with the struggle of a young girl who goes to New York to seek success and Mrs. Hale, who wrote it, is thoroughly familiar with her subject. She has been an actress, as well as an author, for many years.

Mischa Elman, the last violinist of the season, and probably the last internationally famous one to be heard in the Auditorium, will appear at that house April 28, in the evening, and at a matinee May 2. In his short career Elman has enjoyed phenomenal success. This is his fifth tour of America, and since last November he has been heard as soloist with the principal orchestra and also in recital all over the country. After he leaves Los Angeles he will tour the northwest, and then will go to Australia, being absent from

direction of the author, and the full strength of the Burbank company has been assembled for its production. Jess Dandy will appear in one of the fun-producing parts. The first and third acts are placed on a farm in Ohio and the second is in New York. Forrest Stanley will have one of the best roles granted him in many weeks and Beatrice Nichols will have an important part. Grace Travers returns after her vacation, and Thomas McLarnie, Donald Bowles, and other favorites will be welcomed on their return to "legitimate" roles. The scenery and decorations by Robert Brunton will be of their usual excellence, and for this engagement the regular Burbank prices will be resumed.

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"Idle Wives," a Century book, will be the title of a new story by James Oppenheim, which will take up certain of the so-called problems of modern life.

ress, who opens at the Orpheum Monday afternoon, April 27. She will offer as her attraction the big third act of "Sapho" which in itself is a complete play, and which is Miss Nethersole's best role. When Olga Nethersole first attempted such roles as Fanny Le Grand she was bitterly assailed, but she has persisted. Since that time the stage has run to sex dramas beside which "Sapho" is of debutante quality. Six new acts are on the incoming bill. Herman Timberg, who is remembered as the star of the "School Days" production, both in vaudeville and in musical comedy, returns as a single star. Henry Catalano and Jack Denny will proffer a ragtime diversion, with the latter at the piano and the former in a comedy role. Mosher, Haynes and Mosher, "three men on a wheel," are

garded as the equal of "The Candy Shop." In the cast will be Will Philbrick, the irrepressible Kitty Doner, who has an act all her own, Bessie Franklin, Mary Ambrose, Frances White, Oscar Ragland, Frederic Santley and Jane Grant. All the specialties will be new. The famous Rock and Fulton team will introduce "The Dance of the Cadet" with the assistance of the chorus, and there are many more of this team's inimitable creations. The play concludes with a travesty on grand opera entitled, "The King is in the Bathtub."

"Goodness Gracious," or "Movies as They Shouldn't Be" is the title of three-reel laugh-making feature at Miller's Ninth, Spring and Main street theater for the remainder of this week,



OLGA NETHERSOLE, EMOTIONAL ACTRESS, AT THE ORPHEUM

well known for their bicycle diversion. Bill Pruitt, the "cowboy Caruso," is a tenor picked up on the range. The Buhner sisters, violinists and cellists, who have been touring the circuit with much success, will be warmly welcomed home. Holdovers are "To Save One Girl," and the Hartley jumpers. There will also be new motion views, the new Hearst-Selig service making its original appearance here.

Rock and Fulton, and a big company of Gaiety favorites, will return to the Morosco theater Monday night in a merry musical review, "The Echo." Practically the entire company which made "The Candy Shop" such a hit will be seen in "The Echo," which comes from a run at the Gaiety theater in San Francisco, where it was re-

including Sunday. This extremely funny burlesque established a world's record in New York city, where it played to capacity houses for 270 consecutive performances at the Vitagraph Theater. Another cast, including Sidney Drew, Clara Kimball Young, Kate Price and one hundred others produced this comic masterpiece. The remainder of the program includes the three reel dramatic offering, "The Impersonator," from the well known novel by Mary Imlay Taylor. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the offering will include the third instalment of the fascinating serial, "The Perils of Pauline," which will be shown for the first time.

Shakespeare and Balzac will be compared by George Moore in an article in the May Century.

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Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager. Beginning Monday Night, April 27th. Popular Matinee Wednesday—Regular Matinee Saturday. Frederic Belasco Presents "The Little Daughter of the Dance"

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"My Shadow and I"

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Broadway bet. Seventh and Eighth

BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, APRIL 27th, The Gaiety Theater Co. presents

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with Will Philbrick, Oscar Ragland, Kitty Doner, Fred Santley and an organization of 70 music and funmakers in their latest music and fun hit,

"THE ECHO"

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Beginning Monday, April 27.

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In a New Play by Rida Johnson Young,

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Direction of Henry Miller.

MILLER'S THEATER

Home of the Plate Glass Mirror Screen Junction of Spring, Ninth and Main Now showing—A splendid first run program including three reels of continuous laughter entitled "GOODNESS GRACIOUS" with Clara Kimball Young, Sidney Drew, Kate Price, Hughie Mack and 100 others.

Notes From Bookland

Rudolf Eucken, whose religious and philosophical works his various American publishers say "sell like novels," encountered many hardships when young, by reason of the early death of his father. To his mother, a woman of exceptional qualities, and to her resolve that he should have an ample education, whatever the difficulties in the way, he owed the preparation for his subsequent career.

London has called for a second edition of "The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln," published by the Browne & Howells Company, and a third large printing has just been required for the American market. The book is a re-

vised edition of a work that was first published twenty years ago, and its success evidences the growing interest in Lincoln's character.

Having received many inquiries as to the pronunciation of Rabindranath Tagore's name, the Macmillan Company consulted a university professor having much knowledge of India and the Hindus, and were told it should be pronounced as though spelled Tah-goehr, with the stress on the first syllable.

Talbot Mundy, author of the Kiplingesque story of India, "Rung Ho!," is a young Englishman who has already adventured widely over the earth. At present he is living in this country, in a small town in Maine.



Books

"Never ask an old man for his reasons," said the late Professor Churton Collins, "nor a young man for his conclusions." And therein lies the secret of most of life's failures. H. G. Wells, realizing that an old man's experiences should help a young man to live more successfully, wrote "The Passionate Friends;" but it is doubtful whether that legacy of experience and suffering was of the least aid to the young son. There is an unscalable wall between youth and age; never yet has a father understood his son, or a son his father. The old man has lived and learned, but he cannot teach. Therefore, the young man has to fight with the same bitterness, has to receive the same wound, and has then to live his life out maimed and broken in the same wasteful and ineffectual fashion.

What might follow of simplification of life if a boy could take to heart the maxims of graybeards is seen in Hugh Walpole's fine novel entitled "Fortitude." Little Peter, a lonely, shrinking and imaginative boy of eight, is in the bar of the Bending Mule, a low resort in one of the English coast towns. As he watches everything with round eyes there is borne in on his consciousness a sentence that miraculously impresses itself on him. A bent yet dominating old man, Frosted Moses, says to a group of men gossiping about a tragedy of the district, "It is not life that matters; it is the courage you bring to it."

Now, Peter has had frequent use for courage, and even at the moment feels its value. He has been forbidden to go into the Bending Mule, and he knows that there is no escaping the merciless beating which awaits him at home. But in order to see the only friend he has in the world, a young farmer, he waits and waits, and when he does finally set out for home, dogged yet pitifully forlorn, he supports himself with the wise saying of Frosted Moses, "It's not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it." Peter gets his beating and feels that life does very painfully matter, but the next day his boyish buoyance rises again to courage, and the first lesson is over.

Peter has much to bear; in all his life he never gets quite free of crushing burdens. He has to fight his way through school, then to break away from a degenerate and drunken father, has to find himself in London, and greatest labor of all, is compelled to set down those books that he cannot keep unuttered in his heart. Difficult as all this is he manages to keep his courage lively. But then he marries, and gives hostages to fortune, and fortune is cruel. Peter is an idealist, and, therefore, dangerously pins every shred of faith and hope and his entire love to a woman. And the woman is a coward. To see Peter recovering even from his wife's unfaithfulness is to see a fine triumph of courage, and the book ends hopeful that at last Peter is master of himself.

Unfortunately for its popularity, "Fortitude" is another of "those serious novels." Though the events in the narrative are interesting enough in themselves to make the book worth while, nevertheless, the prime object of the author is to show the growth of a soul, the moulding of a character under the shaping influences of the world. Hugh Walpole is of that group of young writers of real worth who are following the giants Mededith and Hardy. He is as yet little known, but will probably rank with those fine

thinkers and fine writers, Wells, Moore, Galsworthy and Cannan. He has not quite the uncompromising attitude of Cannan, and is more conventional in his story. A man damned by one woman and saved by another is a very ancient tale; even if true, unnecessarily reiterated, one thinks. On this account one resents the invalid girl who is the determining influence in the greatest crisis of Peter's life. Can this be? Is it not written that every man must save his own soul? That is a difference between Walpole and Cannan.

Walpole has real worth because he is serious; no art is good if it is not serious. "Fortitude," besides having a style often distinguished and always tensely interesting, has in it the truth distilled from imagination. It should introduce many readers to a man with a clean, vigorous and hopeful philosophy. ("Fortitude." By Hugh Walpole. Geo. H. Doran Co.) C. K. J.

"The Hoosier Volunteer"

It seems probable that the Civil War will never be exhausted as a fund for authors to draw upon. Probably, to compile a list of the stories, good, bad and indifferent, that have been built upon this great feud would be a task to appal the most fervent librarian. And the "lighter" novels which depend upon this famous struggle for their existence are of a striking similarity in the essentials. The newest story, "The Hoosier Volunteer," is so reminiscent of a half hundred other tales in plot and incident that the reader could successfully outline it from start to finish, without reading more than sixty pages. Love and war—the deathless combination of poets and word-painters! Kate and Virgil D. Boyles are responsible for this latest offering. There is an interest in the opening part of the tale, showing the development of young Sammy Goodman, the hero, which promises better things than are attained. Until he goes forth to war Sammy's career has its possibilities, but afterward he figures in so much of the stereotyped battles, courage and illness commonplaces that he proves a disappointment. Surely, the Civil War has been overdone as a topic. Its memory will always be a scar on our nation—that scar of a wound that festered long after its surface healed. Now that time has cleansed it and there is only the significant mark that denotes its one-time presence, why not pass it over? ("The Hoosier Volunteer." By Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"From an Island Outpost"

Fragments of thought and contemplation, bits of description, passages of philosophy, ponderings of the meaning and the message of life, and an abiding faith in the Creator go to make "From an Island Outpost" a curious little gathering of comments by Mary E. Waller, whose many novels have received a hearty welcome from the public and considerable appreciation from the critics. There is really nothing novel about the author's meditations. Her descriptions are good, one or two of her distinctions strike the reader for their cleverness, but the book lacks the power to grip the sympathies. It is as though one instinctively questioned the unalloyed sincerity of it all; there is a little reaching after effect, a little inclination to sacrifice honesty to finish that penetrates even to the unwilling. Less talented persons than Mary E. Waller

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written with more simplicity and sincerity the diary of their lives and thoughts, but they have kept them screened from the eyes of the public. ("From an Island Empire." By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Our Spiritual Skies"

Charles Coke Woods, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Ontario, Cal., himself a lyric poet and one who is at home with the muse in her various forms, is the author of "Our Spiritual Skies," in which are revealed bits of religious meditation whose tone is hopeful and happy. Besides the poets, past and present, he draws freely from inanimate nature, which is evidently an open book to him. "Faith," he remarks, "is a soul-fact as really as a flower is a soil-fact, and is as necessary to the success of the soul as rivers and railroads are to commerce." ("Our Spiritual Skies." By Charles Coke Woods. Eaton and Mains.)

Magazines For April

Brimming with artistic illustrations, The Craftsman for April is an unusually attractive magazine. It is the annual home building number and the majority of its features concern this important factor of existence. Gardens, houses, farms, furnishings and "fixings" are intelligently discussed by authoritative writers. In addition, Will Lexington Comfort has a symposium entitled, "Intensive Cultivation of Humanity Through Work," and there are a number of poetic contributions and special articles.

Notes From Bookland

Rabindranath Tagore, in "The Home:" "I paced alone in the road across the field while the sunset was hiding its last gold like a miser.

"The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness, and the widowed land, whose harvest had been reaped, lay silent.

"Suddenly a boy's shrill voice rose into the sky. He traversed the dark unseen, leaving the track of his song across the hush of the evening.

"His village home lay there at the end of the waste land, beyond the sugar-cane field, hidden among the shadows of the banana and the slender areca palm, the cocoanut and the dark green of the lack-fruit trees.

"I stopped for a moment in my lonely way under the starlight, and saw spread before me the darkened earth surrounding with her arms countless homes furnished with cradles and beds, mothers' hearts and evening lamps, and young lives glad with a gladness that knows nothing of its value for the world."

At a literary gathering in London recently, Mr. W. B. Maxwell, author of "The Devil's Garden" and many other popular books, discoursed on the influence of criticism upon fiction. Maxwell is a fine looking man, with a strong, square face of the Galsworthy type, and he is a good speaker. Personally, he made game of criticism, and gave it as his deliberate opinion that criticism as practiced nowadays influences fiction very little. He was, he said, amenable to correction and

leading, even anxious for both; but his experience was that no critic had any inclination to serve him. Consequently, he was driven to the extremity of acting as best judge of himself and of writing what happened to be in him in his own way.

Moffat, Yard & Co. are bringing out "The Autobiography of a Happy Woman," whose anonymous author is said to be a well-known woman writer. A. C. McClurg & Co. have ready "The Art of Story Telling," in which Julia Darrow Cowles shows how the art can be developed and what a variety of important uses it can serve. Another Chicago house, the Browne & Howell Company, offer "What an Advertiser Should Know," by Henry C. Taylor, who discusses in all forms of advertising. The volume is uniform with Mr. Taylor's "What a Salesman Should Know," now in its second edition.

Among books dealing with the Orient will be "Myths of the Hindus and the Orient," by "Sister Nivedita," as Miss Nobel was known among the natives of India. She had not quite finished the work at the time of her death, but it has been completed by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy and illustrated by a number of native artists. It will be published soon by Henry Holt & Co. "The God Juggernaut and Hinduism in India" sets forth a mass of data concerning the religious rites and gods of the Hindus, as gathered by Jeremiah Zimmerman during the course of much travel in India and much study of her sacred books. It is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

It is getting to be quite the fashion among students of American history to have a low opinion of our forefathers, and the latter come in for another drubbing at the hands of Allen L. Benson in "Our Dishonest Constitution," which B. W. Huebsch will publish within a week or two. The author holds that the early Americans were not such patriots as they have had the credit of being, that the Constitution they made is undemocratic, and is a misfit for the American people. This house has almost ready for issue also a new book by John Spargo on "Socialism and Motherhood," wherein he discusses the bearing of Socialist doctrine upon woman's place in the social order.

Yale University Press has undertaken the publication of a work concerned with mediaeval jurisprudence of such scope and importance that the last of its six volumes will not be ready before 1930. It will be under the direction of the department of history of Yale University and in the hands of George E. Woodbine as editor, and will be entitled "Bracton: De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliae." The permanent value and international importance of the work will make necessary the use of its manufacture of materials of unusual durability. It is declared by competent authority to be the greatest piece of legal research yet undertaken by an American.

Just in time for the annual migration to Europe comes the announcement by Charles Scribner's Sons of a series of twelve pocket volumes entitled "New Guides to Old Masters," by John C. Van Dyke, professor of the history of art in Rutgers College. They are both critical and descriptive, are designed primarily to be read before the pictures with which they deal, and are the result of thirty years of study of European galleries. Each volume will deal with the art of one city, and the first two volumes, concerned one with London and the other with Paris galleries, are now ready.

"The Dance: Its Place in Art and Life" is the title of a new book by Troy and Margaret West Kinney which Stokes will publish shortly. It is to be illustrated by many drawings and reproductions of photographs and to include a section on present-day ballroom dancing. Another volume of allied interest which Stokes will publish

this month is "The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal," by Diana Watts. Mrs. Watts believes that she has reconstructed the system of body training used by the Greeks.

High society in New York furnishes the background for a story by Rupert Hughes entitled "What Will People Say?" It will be published by the Harpers, who will bring out also "The Goldfish," said to be the frankest and most detailed revelation of the daily living of a New York family of wealth and social position yet put into print. It is published anonymously, but the tale is declared to contain much personal confession and to be as intimate and as true as a human document as Jack London's "John Barleycorn."

The business of being an American finds due consideration in an important collection of essays by ex-President Taft, which the Scribners will publish toward the end of this month. In it the author discusses such questions as the Monroe Doctrine, what should be the attitude of the federal government toward aliens under their treaty rights, its power to enter into arbitration treaties, the federal trend in international affairs, and other topics of national interest.

Paul Heyse, the German novelist and dramatist who died in Munich recently at the age of 84, was known to several generations of American high school boys and girls as the author of "L'Arabia." His literary reputation was not, of course, dependent on this story. His collected dramas, poems and novels numbered more than thirty volumes when he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1910. His literary career began in 1854, when King Maximilian of Bavaria became his patron.

Hodder & Stoughton, the English publishers, announce a third novel contest in which prizes aggregating 1,000 guineas will be awarded. It is open to all writers, but a special prize will be given the best "first" novel entered. The judges will be Anthony Hope Hawkins, A. E. W. Mason and Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Full particulars may be had by addressing Hodder & Houghton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E. C.

Among works of fiction due within the next two weeks will be a story bearing the mysterious title of "E," by Julian Hinckley, a young Harvard man who is said to have relationships within the circle of New York's social elect sufficiently intimate to have enabled him to picture life in exclusive society in New York and Newport more truthfully than does its usual portrayal. The book will be published by Duffield & Co.

Funk & Wagnalls Company has ready a work on "The Church, the People, and the Age," which will be composed of contributions from more than one hundred well-known religious leaders and students of affairs, who discuss the modern problems of the church. It is edited by Robert Scott and George William Gilmore, editors of the Homiletic Review.

Two works of distinction appear among the books of travel and description. These are Pierre Loti's "Siam" and G. E. Woodbury's "North Africa and the Desert," which is rather a book of poetic interpretation. "The Life Histories of African Game Animals" (\$10), by Theodore Roosevelt and Edmund Haller, is—dramatic zoology.

The story of the French revolution will have a new telling by Hector Fleischman in "Behind the Scenes in the Terror," on the spring list of Brentano's. The author has gathered from a study of contemporary letters and documents much new information concerning the trials, convocations, prisons, and prisoners of the revolution.

Constable's will publish soon the collected writings of Stanley Houghton. These will contain "Hindle Wakes,"

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SEE AGENTS

Southern Pacific

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"The Younger Generation" and the other plays, several unpublished sketches, short stories and an unfinished novel of Manchester life upon which he was working just before his death.

Hugh Walpole's novel, "The Duchess of Wrex," which has attracted favorable attention in England, will be brought out on this side by George H. Doran next fall. Meanwhile, the Doran company will publish in a uniform edition a reissue of Mr. Walpole's "Fortitude," "The Gods and Mr. Perrin," "A Prelude to Adventure" and "Maradick at Forty."

Frederick Palmer, one of the most famous of war correspondents, who has seen almost all the wars of the last twenty years, has a new book in press entitled "The Last Shot," to be published by Scribners. Aside from its interest as a story it presents the background of a modern war between the big and well-equipped armies of two great nations.

Mary J. H. Skrine's "Bedesman 4," which will bear the Century imprint, will be an idyl of English life having a broad and human appeal. Mitchell Kennerley is preparing for publication a volume of nearly a score of "Forum Stories" embracing the most interesting tales that have appeared in that review.

"The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art for 1914" will be ready for publication within a week or two by the John Lane Company. This is the ninth edition of the "Year Book."

Emma Louise Parry is the author of "The Two Great Art Epochs," to be

published shortly by A. C. McClurg & Co., which aims to make a popular presentation of the historical development of art. It is based on a series of popular lectures.

Anna Steese Richardson's "Better Babies and Their Care," a Stokes book, will consist of a series of simple talks from one mother to another. The author is widely known through her work in connection with the "Better Babies" movement, now organized in forty states.

Three novels due shortly from the Doran Company will be Sir Gilbert Parker's "You Never Know Your Luck," "The Milky Way," by F. Tennyson Jesse, who is a grand-niece of Alfred Tennyson, and "Unto Caesar," by Baroness Orczy.

Frederic Mistral, the Provencal poet, whose birth came within a few months of Heyse's, died a week earlier at Mialane. He shared the Nobel prize with Echegaray in 1904, very largely as a result of his effort to forward the Provencal revival.

B. W. Huebsch will offer to American readers one of the classics of German fiction, Ernst von Wolzogen's "Florian Mayr," translated by Edward Breck and Charles Harvey Genung, whose central figure is Abbe Liszt, and its scene Weimer, the Mecca of so many years of music lovers.

"The Desert and Mrs. Ajax," by E. S. Moffat, soon to be published by Moffat, Yard & Co., is a story of the Nevada desert which brings out the humorous rather than the homicidal features of life in that region.



Stocks & Bonds



Even following the signing of the contract for the disposal of \$15,000,000 of Union Oil Company's treasury shares to the British syndicate, represented by Andrew Weir and R. Tilden Smith, the stock of the big corporation although it had a strong undertone, evinced decided uncertainty in its movements. The signing of the contract practically represented the long-awaited closing of the deal, but even so, many details of the transaction remain to be made public, and until these are understood the indecision in the trend of the market will continue.

As outlined by President Lyman Stewart of Union, the chief benefit to the stockholders of the company will be the strengthening of their investments, because the company will be placed in an alleged impregnable position, financially, as a result of the deal. More immediate, perhaps, will be the advantage gained by the exchange of present Union shares for stock in British Union Oil Company, Ltd., for the organization of which preliminary steps have been taken. The stock in this corporation will be of the participating cumulative variety to bear interest at 6 per cent to 10 per cent inclusive, depending on the earnings. Ultimately, it seems logical that the English syndicate will seek to buy in the control of the Union Oil Company.

Subsequent to the announcement that the deal was closed, Union Oil stock advanced \$76.62 1/2, a new high level for the present upward movement. Following a slight reaction the last few sales, at time of writing, have been at \$75.25. The market is erratic, however, and it would be difficult to predict the course of prices until the end of the week.

The deal which has just been closed is the largest transaction ever consummated in connection with the oil industry of the state. Union is the largest independent oil corporation in the West, and with its ally, Independent Oil Producers Agency, an association of oil companies and operators, for which it acts as marketer, controls the largest production of any single concern in California. The financial aid secured from the English interests will enable Union to go ahead with the development of its properties and the expansion of its business. This will result probably in a renewal of prosperity in the oil business of California.

An interesting side issue in the Union situation has been the marked strength of the company's bonds. One sale at as high as 88 was consummated, and the closing quotation Thursday morning was 88 bid @ 88 1/2, compared with 86 1/2 bid @ 87 1/4 the end of last week. The advance is natural in view of the strengthening influence which the deal will exert on Union's financial condition.

While interest has centered principally in the stock of the big oil company, a marked feature of the week was the decline in Los Angeles Investment to a new low point of 72 cents a share. From this figure it quickly reacted a point or two, however. The remainder of the "industrials" have been quiet.

As a whole the oil issues were not particularly active this week. Amalgamated and Associated are nearly steady. Low-priced "oils" show only nominal changes.

The situation in the bank issues re-

mains unchanged; the most abject dullness still prevails. Mining issues are quiet in the main.

Stock markets generally have been somewhat disturbed by the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, but not in the degree which might have been expected. In fact, in many quarters of the financial world it seemed that a sigh of relief was breathed. The money market locally is evidencing a slightly better feeling.

Banks and Banking

J. F. Sartori, president of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, and also president of the Savings Bank section of the American Bankers' Association, has gone to Hot Springs, Va., to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the American Bankers' Association.

Practically none of the New York State banks or trust companies has given any indication of a desire to join the federal reserve system, and the new banking law just signed by Gov. Glynn was so devised as to extend, as far as possible, to state institutions that decided to stay out of the system the same advantages they would gain by entering it. It even gives privileges that would be sacrificed by coming in under the federal law.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Fluctuations in Mexican exchanges due to the unsettled conditions in that country were responsible for a considerable reduction in profits of the Pierce Oil Companies last year, as shown in a brief report made public a few days ago. The Pierce Oil Corporation, the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, and the Pierce-Fordyce Oil Association had profits for the year 1913, before deducting adjustments on account of extraordinary exchange rates, in excess of the official rate of 50 cents United States to the peso of \$2,952,012. The losses in converting Mexican silver into gold at current rates and remitting the gold to the United States were \$315,714. Besides this, a reserve of \$336,004 was set up to cover the difference between the official rate of exchange and the current rate on December 31 of approximately 37 cents. The balance for interest and dividends was accordingly reduced to \$2,300,000. This surplus takes no account of depreciation and appreciation of properties. Of the total before deductions, \$2,239,000 was earned in the United States division, and \$712,000 in the Mexican division.

High and Low of Trade

Record of the country's trade thus far into the fiscal year of 1913-14 shows that the excess of exports over imports rose with only slight irregularity by months from July until October, and thereafter declined. From about \$22,000,000 in July the excess increased to more than \$50,000,000 in August, receded to about \$47,000,000 in September, and then swung strongly forward to \$139,000,000 in October. The new tariff was in operation throughout October with the exception of three days. In December there was a recession from the previous month's excess of \$41,000,000, and the shrinkage continued.

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Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 19, 1914.

021743.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Alexander Galloway, whose post-office address is 1766 W. 25th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 6th day of February, 1914, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 021743, to purchase the SW 1/4, Section 17, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$220.00, and the land \$180.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of June, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE
STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
In and for the County of Los Angeles.
No. B-8869. Department No. 10.

In the matter of the application of Bolte Manufacturing Company, a corporation, for dissolution of said Corporation.

NOTICE is hereby given that Bolte Manufacturing Company, a Corporation, formed under the laws of the State of California, with its principal place of business in the city of Los Angeles, State of California, has presented to the Superior Court a petition praying that an order be made dissolving said corporation, and that Thursday, the 30th day of April, 1914, at 10 o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, has been appointed as the time and the court room of department 10 of said Superior Court in the Court House in the city of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, as the place at which said application is to be heard.

Witness my hand and seal of said Superior Court, this 24th day of March, 1914.

H. J. LELAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(Seal) F. J. ADAMS, Deputy.

NOLEMAN AND SMYSER,
Attorneys for Applicant

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 30, 1913.

012937.

Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Felipe Neri Valenzuela, of Santa Monica, California, who, on April 28, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012937, for NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 27, S 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of May, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Miller, C. O. Montague, Frank Siert, Charles Fannetti, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

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H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

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E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
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Profits, \$700,000.

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R. S. HEATON, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

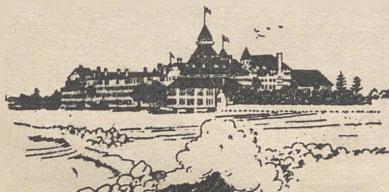
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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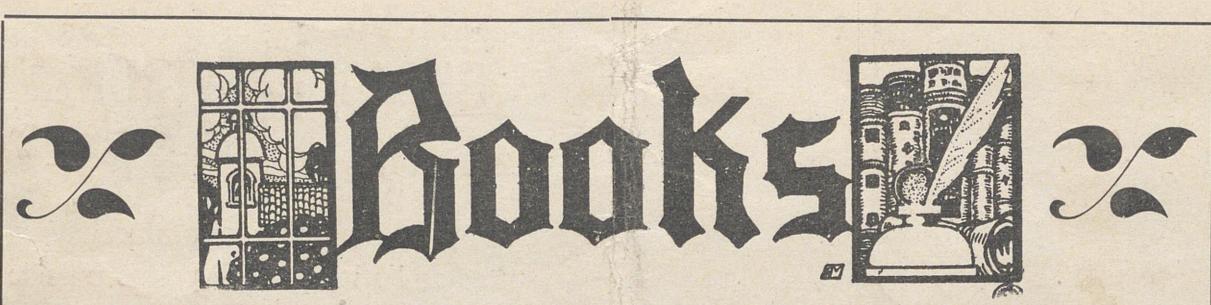
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